The Bystander, September 14, 1910

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The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 354.—Vol. XXVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 14, 1910 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Wales Investiture

IMMENSE satisfaction is expressed in Wales that in accordance with "the will of the Welsh people" the King has ordained that the ancient custom of investiture of the Prince of Wales should be revived. The ceremony is to take place in July next at the ancient Castle of Carnarvon, where the first Prince of Wales first, according to legend, saw the light; and the committee which has the matter in hand includes Mr. Lloyd George, who was in attendance at Balmoral when the Royal Proclamation was issued, Lords Tredegar, Cawdor, and Plymouth, the latter much versed and interested in all ancient ceremonies, the Bishop of St. Asaph, and Sir Alfred Thomas. There is no doubt that the idea of the Welsh investiture was first suggested to the King by Mr. Lloyd George, and it will be remembered that it was the "Member for Wales" who was entrusted, on the death of Queen Victoria, to request that the present King should be invested in the same way. But the movement came to nothing.

Royalty at Mar

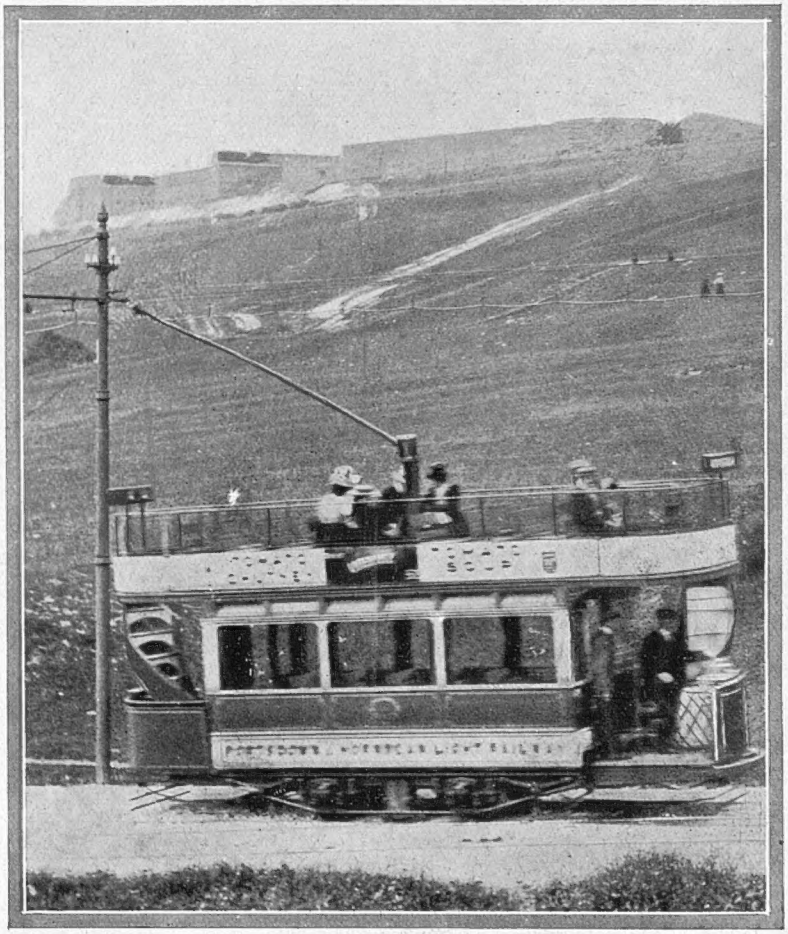
Much to the relief of the Princess Royal, and the grief of Aberdeen tourists, there is to be no gathering of the Clans—Farquharsons, Forbeses, Gordons, and that entirely modern contingent, the Duff men and the Balmoral Highlanders (in the Royal Victorian tartan)—on the Braes of Mar this year. The Princess, as all the world knows, dislikes above all things appearing in public, and she has always managed, on the score of health and absence, to evade all duties and ceremonies that might be considered as likely to fall to the share of the eldest daughter of a King. The Braemar Gathering is, as a rule, however, the one function at which Her Royal Highness does put in an appearance, and though she herself always keeps very much in the background of the ornate Royal Pavilion, from which the Royalties witness the gathering, her husband the Duke, and his daughters, in order to follow closely the progress of the games, always sit well forward.

The King and the Fifes

Towards the end of the month the Princess Royal will entertain the King, her brother, to some deer-shooting in Mar Forest, some 100,000 acres of which belong to the Duke of Fife. Meantime, the presence of Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, with their suites, and Prince Christopher of Greece (between whom and one of the Fife Princesses an alliance is projected) at Mar Lodge lends an altogether unaccustomed air of life and hospitality to the red-brick lodge that the Duke built as being so much more "homely" than old Mar Castle, near by. Like Balmoral, all the panelling and much of the furniture in the Lodge is made from pinewood grown in the surrounding forests.

Small Shot and a Sailor

As only the best of shots are, as a rule, invited to accompany that very best of shots, the King, on his sporting expeditions, the mystery of the accidental peppering of Lord Kilmarnock by Captain Hood, R.N., seems fated ever to remain unsolved. These little *contretemps* will, however, happen, apparently, even in the best-regulated parties. Captain Hood has just been appointed commandant of the Royal Naval College at Osborne.



Photograph *Silk*

General View (including portrait of a suspicious-looking tram), of Portsdown Hill, showing Fort Widley in distance

A German officer, Lieutenant Helm, was last week arrested while making sketches of the Forts on Portsdown Hill. The extraordinary circumstance in the affair is that the forts are regarded as obsolete. He is now in Winchester goal and will be tried next Thursday

A Mild Enquiry

Those who rebuked the Home Secretary for spending his holiday so far from home will probably attribute to Nemesis the succession of mishaps which have marked his Levantine cruise. First, an accident injuring his knee, then the grounding of his yacht—what does it all mean? When the party (which includes Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Smith, and is under the hostship of the Baron de Forest) returns, we should like to ask them a few pointed questions. Who caused the injury to his leg? Was it a tall, slender-looking Bashi-bazouk wearing eyeglasses, carrying a golf club, and a treatise on philosophic doubt in his pocket? And who ran the yacht ashore? A clean-shaven mariner with a single eyeglass? Or, assuming that the Press versions of Mr. Balfour's and Mr. Austin Chamberlain's movements are correct, and that they were really at home at the time—well, Mr. F. E. Smith is, after all, a political opponent. Was it *quite* wise of the Home Secretary to go to such a lonely region in his company? I make no insinuations, of course, but. . . .

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

Lady Maude Vivian daughter of the fourth Earl of Leitrim, who is marrying Mr. Christopher Roundell to-morrow (September 15)

Our Over-Worked Ministers!

When will that Eight meet again? Not that personally I care a groat. But the serious people who bottled up their wrath against the Lords while the Conference sat must be, or ought to be, getting a little restive at their prolonged holiday. By the way, Ministers have done pretty well this year in the holiday line, seeing the large sums of public money on which they subsist. Their holidays this year have, so far, been as follows:

January 31 (after elections) to February 19 (Parliament meets) eighteen days.

April 29 (Parliament adjourns) to June 8 (Parliament meets) thirty-nine days.

August 3 (Parliament adjourns) to November 15 (Parliament meets) 103 days.

Total Parliamentary vacation, 160 days.

Altogether over five months out of twelve. Of course, Ministers have, perhaps, put in a little time out of session at their offices. But the bland faces of the permanent officials of my acquaintance belie that supposition.

Crime and Crippen

The interest in the Crippen case will, I suppose, be described as morbid by the Superior Person, who, himself, of course, reads the verbatim reports purely for psychological study. Why, however, to be interested in a crime—I beg pardon, alleged crime—that has actually been committed—*i.e.*, alleged to

Photograph] **The Earl and Countess of Bessborough's House Party at Bessborough House, Piltown, Co. Kilkenny** *[Poole and Co.*

BACK ROW, *left to right* (standing): Captain E. Morrison Bell, Hon. Bertie Ponsonby, Lady Gweneth Ponsonby, Countess of Bessborough, Viscount Duncannon M.P., the Earl of Bessborough, Hon. Arnold Keppel, Lord John Cavendish

FRONT ROW (sitting): Lord Killanin, Lady Cicely Browne, Lady Mary Ponsonby, H.R.H. Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, Mrs. Forbes, Miss de la Poer, Hon. Granville Ponsonby

Three Knights at the Crippen Case

(*Left to right*): Sir Albert de Rutzen, the presiding magistrate, Sir William Gilbert, the famous playwright, and Sir Melville Macnaghten, Chief of Detectives

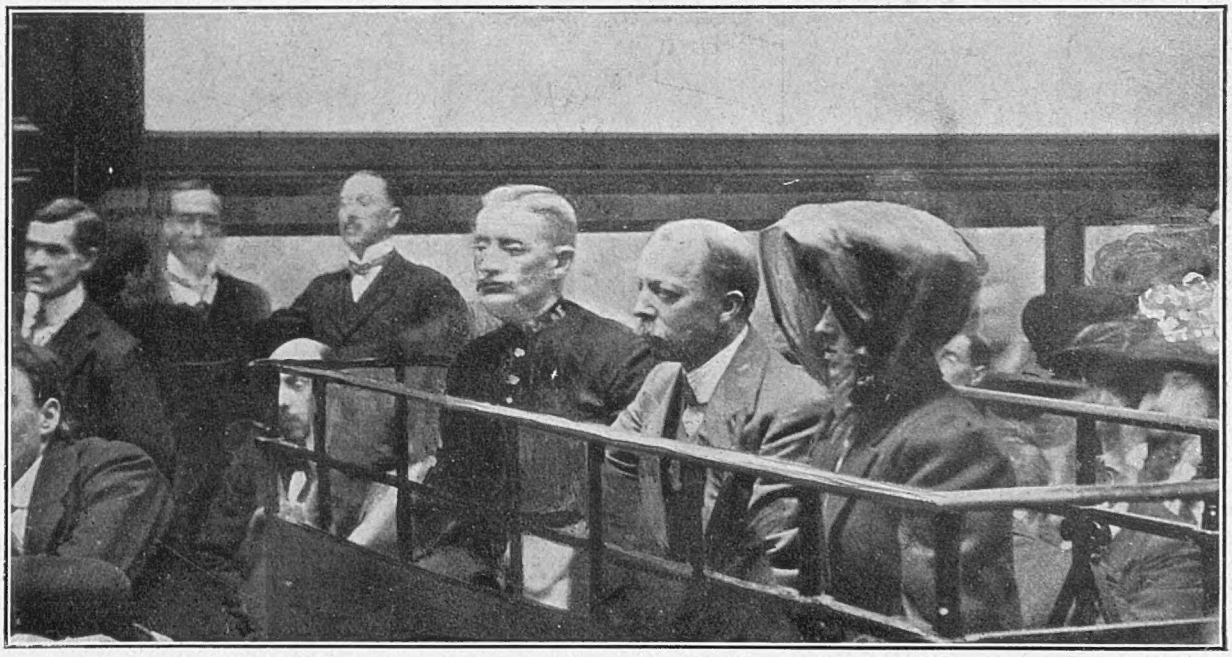
have been committed—is any more morbid than to read, in novels, of crimes that have never been committed, is a puzzle. If we may, with the full approval of the Superior Person, read "Oliver Twist," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Woman in White," "Sylvestre Bonnard," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "Sherlock Holmes," why to goodness may one not read one's Crippen? After all, he is the only alleged criminal who was ever alleged to have been tracked by wireless telegraphy and the alleged perspicacity of a sea-captain, through which the public, by alleged special messages to the daily papers, knew more about his own alleged sayings, doings, and thinkings during the voyage than did his alleged self.

The Thud of the Hammerstein

I am mixedly glad to hear that Mr. Hammerstein, of New York, is knocking at our gates, and that he proposes to erect "on Kingsway, between Kemble and Keely Streets," a three-thousand seating, forty-five box London Opera House. I may, I suppose, have my doubts as to the wisdom of this latest Yankee attempt to culture the old country. That we should have a better-situated and more artistically managed

Chief Inspector Dew

"I am not usually gifted with the fault of frightening people," remarked, in answer to Mr. Newton, the bland detective, who has had charge of the case both before and since the prisoners' capture at Quebec



Crippen and Ethel Le Neve (the Prisoners) in the Dock

Probably no murder trial of recent times has excited the same interest in all classes of the community as the Crippen case. Sordid as are the details of the actual tragedy, the supposed covering-up of the traces of the crime, and the escape of the prisoners, so nearly outwitted the police that the affair became of world-wide interest. Students of psychology, writers of romance, and actors vie with each other in their interest in the trial, which has once for all rid the autumn of 1910 from the designation "silly season"

A Derby Winner of the St. Leger

LORD DERBY WINS ALTHOUGH THE DERBY WINNER LOSES

Lady de Blaquiere and her daughter, the Hon. Kathleen de Blaquiere

The Finish of the St. Leger
Swynford wins!

Lady Muriel Herbert, younger daughter of the Earl of Pembroke

The Earl of Derby leading in Swynford (Frank Wootton up), the Winner of the St. Leger

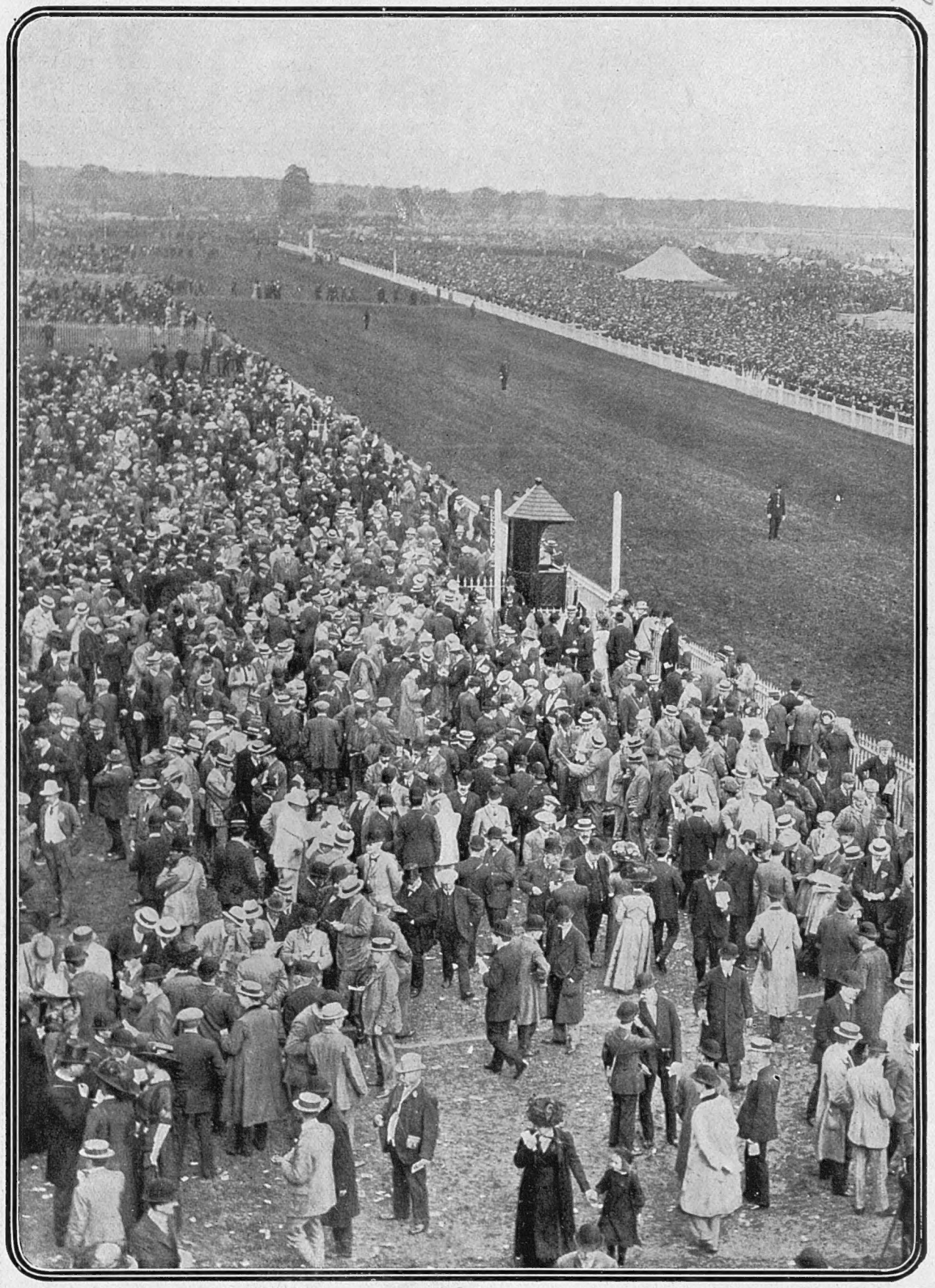
The Marchioness of Ormonde and Viscount Midleton

Lady Nunburnholme with a Friend

As "The Bystander" confidently predicted, Lord Derby's Swynford won the St. Leger, and at the profitable price of nine to two. Lemberg, the winner of the Derby, was third. Thus the ownership of Swynford justifies us in stating that, though the Derby winner was beaten, there was a Derby winner of the St. Leger

Yorkshire's Day Out

THE RECORD CROWDS AT DONCASTER ON THE ST. LEGER DAY



St. Leger Day is faithfully observed in Yorkshire. No other saint's festival is kept anywnere with such whole-hearted enthusiasm. Every sportsman in the broad-acred shire must get to Doncaster, must bet, and must wear the colours of one of the owners starting something for the big race. They believe in displaying their partisanship in the North. This year the attendance broke all records, and with such enormous gates it is to be hoped that the Doncaster Race Committee will do something more for the comfort of visitors

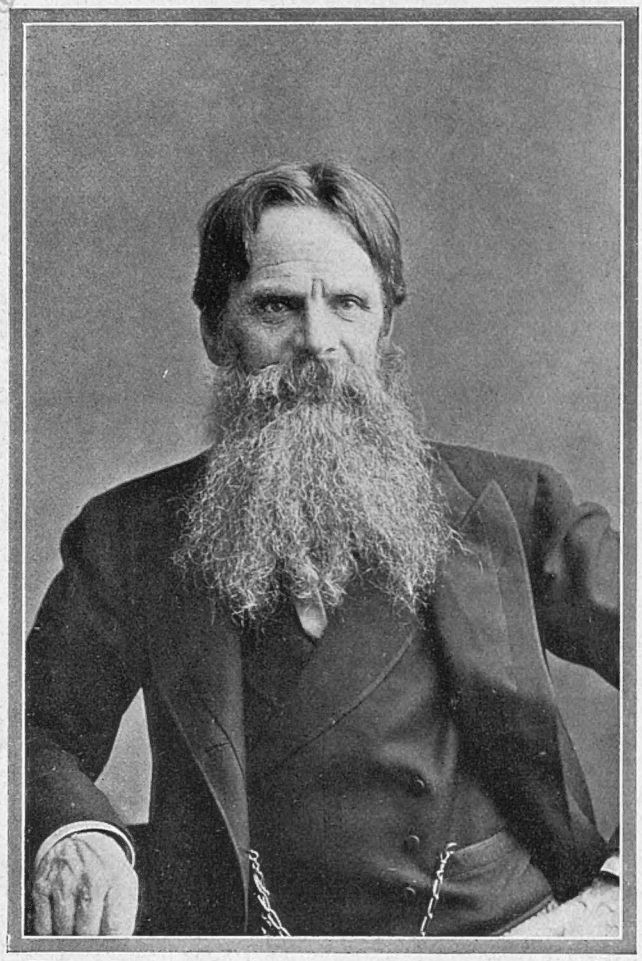
opera than Covent Garden, nobody would deny. But while we have Covent Garden, and while Covent Garden has us, rival attempts are foredoomed to failure unless, like Mr. Beecham, one is disposed to spend money just for the fun of the thing, and in the cause of art for art's sake. But Mr. Hammerstein? No, his name doesn't knock us, somehow, that way. I fancy he will be out for a quick return, which I rather fear he will, on maturer consideration, be persuaded to take—to New York.

Will Opera Survive?

Another very important question is the future of Opera. It is no disparagement of either the art of music or of the public taste to doubt whether its vogue in England is likely to be everlasting. With Wagner, the production of popular operatic music seems to have come to a dead stop. We went to see *Elektra* but only the ultra-musical world will go to see it if brought over again. The only vitality in Grand Opera is in the old-fashioned species, and that is a vitality that is already running low. To-day, Wagner, of course, survives But when once one knows his scores pretty fully, one is content rather to hear excerpts from them on bands than to sit out whole performances in the opera house. We have lost the religious Wagnerism that once obsessed us, and are settling down to the Bayreuth master.

A Fine Doncaster!

It scarcely sounds credible—but do you know we had fine weather for Doncaster. Think of that. It was not gorgeously brilliant on the opening day, but on the following, the Leger day, none could possibly grumble. The new weather clerk reads his Bystander, obviously, and his September shows, at all events, promise. There is still some of his predecessor's cloudy rubbish to be cleared away, but I have hopes. There was a remarkably smart attendance on the Town Moor and the Best Families for miles round were present. *The Ladies' Stand*—why, oh why, will the papers print the name of this stand in small type, was very crowded indeed, especially on the Wednesday, and it is said that over one hundred people applied too late for vouchers. As I mentioned last week Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam brought the largest party to the races, their guests including Lord and Lady Headfort, Lord and Lady George Dundas, Lady Lockhart, Miss Naylor, vastly smartly dressed as usual and wearing such French French toques and turbans, Lady Berkeley Paget, and apparently every other person you met. A dandy party came from Sandbeck Park with Lord and Lady Scarbrough—not *Scarborough* if you please Mr. Printer—including Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lady Ormonde, who received congratulations on the forthcoming marriage of her sister Lady Chesham to Mr. John Moncreiffe—the younger brother of Georgina Lady Dudley, Lord and Lady Midleton, Lord Savile, Lord Villiers, Lord Charles Beresford—much to the fore as ever, Mr. Lancelot Lowther, and Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop—I mean the Waldorf Astors.



Photograph *Ellis and Walery*

One of the Last of the Great Victorians: The Late Holman Hunt, O.M.

This celebrated painter, who died last Wednesday, was one of the three founders of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. His most famous picture was "The Light of the World," the deep religious earnestness of which won for it an enormous popularity

Follow "Carbine"

Everyone on the Moor was talking of the "Swynford" page in The Bystander last week. "Carbine" gave Swynford to win the St. Leger when his price was 12 to 1, and our racing expert had stuck to him loyally ever since. Last week, as our readers may remember, we gave great prominence to our belief in the chances of Lord Derby's horse, and the congratulatory letters received show that it was heavily backed by our readers.

This Week's Wonders

They are wondering who on earth induced the widow to go to Doncaster. They are wondering if she had ever been there before. They are wondering at the wooing of the widow and her coming marriage. They are wondering at their wedding presents. They are wondering at the red shoes and stockings. They are wondering if plain words for plain people were uttered near Ballater. They are wondering when they can possibly wear their Royal gifts. They are wondering at the extremely brief visit to the Highlands. They are wondering at the revenge of Smyrna. They are wondering why the libel case does not come on before Christmas. They are wondering if all the witnesses will be friendly. They are wondering why the Earl is to be subpœnaed. They are wondering why she absolutely refused to enter the ladies' stand. They are wondering where the Leger hat came from. They are wondering why the Duke and Duchess were absentees. They are wondering why she accepted the invitation and then did not turn up.

THE SPANISH SOVEREIGNS AT HOME

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXCLUSIVELY IN MADRID BY THE FAMOUS COURT PHOTOGRAPHER, M. CHUSSEAU-FLAVIENS

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN DRIVING IN THE ROYAL PARK

This photograph of Their Majesties was taken on the Campo Moro

Spain and Her Youthful Monarchs

THE HOME LIFE OF KING ALFONSO AND QUEEN VICTORIA

King Alfonso hard at work signing official documents in the Royal Palace, Madrid

Photographs *Chusseau-Flaviens*

King Alfonso at his desk in the Palace

JUST as Spain—land of enchantment and romance—can, somehow, never appear commonplace, so the Bourbons, to whom the Spanish Throne is the last that remains, can never be other than interesting. King Alfonso, some few phases of whose picturesque path in life are depicted on these pages, is a Bourbon, and, as his mouth and chin give testimony, a Hapsburg too; and his marriage a little over four years ago to the prettiest of our Princesses, favourite grandchild of the greatest of our Queens, linked Spain and the Spanish so closely with ourselves that all that happens there is for us necessarily of interest.

A Merry Monarch

Things go by contraries, that is the oldest of the maxims. King Alfonso, for all that his staid young Battenberg consort has become the mother of four children in as many years, for all that he rules an ancient country fuller, perhaps, than any other of cultured, albeit mentally sterile, men, is, as His Majesty's recent escapades at Eaton and Cowes bear witness, the maddest, merriest, most spirited, and most unconventional monarch in Europe. Yet the Court in which he finds himself, and to whose myriad mouldy forms and regulations even its gay young King must acquiesce, is of all others the most rigidly conventional, the most hemmed in by etiquette, the most ceremonious, the most conservative. Its laws and customs have been firmly established for untold centuries; its accepted families *planté* there for generations; and it will take, apparently, more than a very English Queen, more than a high-spirited, unconventional boy-King, to disturb the even tenour of its calm, set ways.

Early to Bed

In the exuberance of a youth that cannot contemplate defeat, Queen Victoria tried very hard, when first she went to Spain, to live an English life, and even now, as Christmastide comes round, attempts, with trees, plum-puddings, holly and the like, to establish an English Christmas in the Spanish Court. Every morning, in place of the Latin coffee and roll, a solid

Their Spanish Majesties Enjoy a Constitutional

Photograph *Chusseau-Fl*

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN WALKING IN THE "CAMPO MORO," A PART OF THE ROYAL PARK ATTACHED TO THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID

English breakfast is served Her Majesty, and she also has afternoon tea in English fashion, but there has been some trouble on the question of bedtime, ten o'clock being the earliest hour at which the Queen wishes to retire, and 8.30 being the recognised time, when, so it is said, and so hidebound is Court etiquette in Spain, her maids begin disrobing her, whether she has finished her supper or not.

King Alfonso at a Bull-Fight

King Alfonso Going on Board a Man-of-War

Society in Madrid

Except that it is very much more exclusive—there are no Americans *yet* in the inner circles of Madrid—Society in the Spanish capital resembles Society in every other "Residence City." Balls are seldom given, and the theatre is little patronised, owing, probably, to the fact that the Queen-Mother, for so long leader of Spanish Society, does not care for that form of amusement. But there is always music, of which the Spaniards are passionately fond, and the opera, or concerts and *musicales* with cards, are the chief social entertainments. Bull-fights, of course, still rank first among the amusements of the ladies of Spain, but the Queen, for all that to please her sport-loving husband and his people she sometimes attends them, is well known to be far from enthusiastic on the subject.

The Routine in the Palace

Surrounded by etiquette though it is, life in the great Royal Palace in Madrid is a characteristically simple affair. The King rises early, and endeavours to crowd into the morning hours all his State affairs and the study of those great international questions with which, owing to his many sporting diversions, he is not so completely *au fait* as his Ministers would wish. The Queen spends the whole morning in the nurseries or in the lovely grounds of the Palace with her children, and in the afternoon drives or attends a polo or pelota match in which the King is playing. The chief meal of the day is at two, and the very old Spanish families oppose with all their might the modern habit of late dinner. Etiquette is a fetish at the Spanish Court. It continues even through the night, when three *monteros* of the Royal bodyguard, attired in quaint, old-world uniforms, pace up and down outside the Royal sleeping-rooms, and allow no one on any conditions to approach. It is a little relaxed, however, at San Sebastian, the summer residence of the Court, for there, the King's villa being merely a *cottage ornée* of two floors, the simpler life is a matter of necessity. The beautiful gardens of Madrid, whose climate, by the way, leaves much to be desired, the city being scourged by icy winds in winter and roasted in torrid, dusty heat in summer, form one of its chief attractions, and the King is said never to tire of watching the great tide of life that ebbs and flows across the huge Plaza Mayor, where, under the eyes of the Kings of Spain, so much of Spain's history has been enacted. On the balconies at the eastern end of the austere Palacio Réal the Queen, too, very often sits

Photographs *Chusseau-Flaviens*

King Alfonso at the San Sebastian Yacht Club

The Two Sons of the King and Queen of Spain: The Prince of the Asturias, heir to the Throne (now three years and four months old), and the Infant Don Jaime

with her children, and nothing delights her more than to hear and see herself pointed out to the Cook's or Lunn's tourists as Lady-in-Waiting on Queen Christina.

Queen Victoria

The Queen's brightness, her constant, ready laugh is, indeed, one of her most attractive characteristics, and is in sharp contrast to the sad and resigned and now fast-ageing face of the Queen-Mother, who retains her influence over her son, the King, but is allowed no say at all in the conduct of her English daughter-in-law or the upbringing of her grandchildren. The Queen's beautiful golden hair, blue eyes, and wild-rose skin make a lovely colour-scheme, but in form and feature Her Majesty much resembles her Royal grandmother of England, and has the same good features, with rather long, heavy cheeks, short neck, and a general chubbiness of contour. In Paris recently the Queen was immensely admired, the gallant M. Fallières declaring himself positively overwhelmed when he laid at the feet of "the most worthy and greatest Queen of Spain" (oh, the latitude the Latin temperament allows itself!) an exquisite bouquet.

Alfonso in Paris

In the French capital King Alfonso, too, enjoys a popularity second only to that of the late King Edward, whom he resembles also in the possession of that rare personal charm which may be felt but not described, and which enables him to carry off defects in appearance which in another and less magnetic personality might prove disastrous to popularity. The Parisians always want to pet King Alfonso, whose irresistibly boyish frankness appeals to them, and who commands sympathy as being *un peu fin de race* as well as a posthumous child. It is this same charm—so indefinable, yet so inimitable—that endears the King of Spain to his much-harassed Ministers. "He is only a boy!" they say, and so forgive him for a light-heartedness which sends much of their counsel and advice in at one ear and out, as the saying is, at the other.

An All-Round Sportsman

There is no sport, as everyone knows, to which the young King of Spain is not devoted. He is said to chafe bitterly at the promise made not to go in for aviation, but, for the rest, he plays polo, golf, lawn tennis, cricket, and the Basque game, pelota. He yachts, rides perfectly, and is a capital shot, while as a high-speed motorist of the most daring, dashing, and desperate variety he has no equal anywhere. He possesses a fine fleet of cars, and whenever the Court

Photographs *Chusseau-Flaviens*

The Latest Portrait of the Queen and the young Infante Beatrix (born in June last year), taken on the Private Terrace of the Palace in Madrid

The Heir to the Throne of Spain: The Prince of the Asturias on his Pony in the Private Royal Grounds near Madrid

is at San Sebastian nearly every day races into France and back, and his "wingéd flight" is a positively amazing, often a startling, progress. His is the only motor not stopped on the frontier, his usual speed is something between sixty and seventy miles an hour, and when nearing a town it is usual for two gendarmes to stand at every 200 yards or so to keep the road clear. Several of the Royal chauffeurs, "fathers of families" like the King himself, have reluctantly resigned their posts, but the King continues undismayed, and, when stopped, as he often is, for furious driving, pulls up, smiles that disarming smile of his, tips the constable handsomely for doing his duty—and proceeds at once to "exceed" again!

The Royal Children

Just as the late Princess Royal of England, when transplanted to Germany, insisted at all costs on bringing up her children English fashion, so the Queen of Spain, her niece, likewise. The fact that King Alfonso himself highly approves of English nursery methods has, of course, made the Queen's path easier, but there have not been wanting those wild rumours which, in a country where sensations are most popular, always accompany any change of custom. One absurd *canard* declared the two elder children both deaf and dumb, while another announced the Heir-Apparent mentally afflicted and Don Jaime threatened with spinal trouble. As a matter of fact, there never were bonnier boys than the two little Spanish Princes, and though the year-old daughter, who much resembles the Queen-Mother, is somewhat thin and delicate, there is nothing the matter with her. English nurses are always in attendance on the children, who wear English clothes and live in nurseries fitted up in the latest approved English fashion. But there is a Spanish lady governess, too, and the baby's nurse comes from the Asturian province, where the women are noted for their strength and cleanliness, and have always been chosen for this coveted post.

Photographs *Chusseau-Flaviens*

Queen Victoria of Spain in her Boudoir in the Royal Palace, Madrid

King Alfonso's Heir

The little Prince of the Asturias, short and stout, and sturdy and fair, is the image of his Royal mother, while his round, blue eyes recall his illustrious great-grandmothers, Victoria and Isabella. Don Jaime is more like his father, quick and dark and bright, and with the sallow skin of the South. Both boys speak Spanish and English in most amusing alternation, and are learning French in the intervals of living life gloriously with spade and pail just like ordinary, unimportant babes on the sands of San Sebastian, where the King, in compliment to his fine Basque peoples, left his children without any special guards or precautions when, with the Queen, he paid his recent visit to England.

Is Mr. Asquith Growing Younger?

A PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUP SHOWING THE PREMIER QUITE AT HIS BEST

Photograph *E. T. Lamb*

This interesting photograph shows (standing) Mr. Frank Lawson (first cousin of Lord Burnham), Mr. Asquith and Mrs. Asquith, and (sitting) Mrs. Graham-Smith, elder sister of Mrs. Asquith, with Master Anthony Asquith, the Premier's youngest son

INCONSEQUENCES

OVERHEARD AT A REVIEW:—Girl with Camera (*to distinguished General in command of the troops*): "Corporal, could you move your horse a little? I want to take a snapshot." (*Awful silence.*)

* * *

AVIATION DEFINITIONS

AERO Club Expert: Anyone who has read an article on aviation or knows an airman personally.

Wind (*according to impatient spectator*): Nice breeze. (*According to airman who has had several narrow escapes during the afternoon*): Half a gale—"pockety"—impossible.

Successful Meeting: One which does not involve the guarantors in a debt exceeding £20,000.

* * *

"BETROTHAL cakes" are said to be coming into fashion. These should be cooked by the *fiancée* herself and eaten by the man. If he develops alarming gastric symptoms he should at once break off the engagement.

* * *

THE HIGHER CRITICISM

First Lady's Maid: "These hobble skirts are so extraneous!"

Second Lady's Maid: "Yes, but I think they'll only be temporate."

* * *

THERE is a danger in making motor-omnibuses too silent, says the chairman of an omnibus company. So far the builders have done all they can in this direction to safeguard the pedestrian's interests, and the danger seems to be a remote one.

* * *

THE chestnut is said to be dying out in the United States. English comic papers please copy.

* * *

THE WHOLE TRUTH

FULL report of the speech of the German Emperor at Schwashbucklerberg (a sequel to that delivered at Königsberg):

Twelve-pounders having been trained on the spectators, the hired applause was marched on to the ground in detachments, and formed a hollow square round the platform. Squadrons of cavalry were then stationed on the flanks, with orders to butcher any persons who did not appear contented and happy.

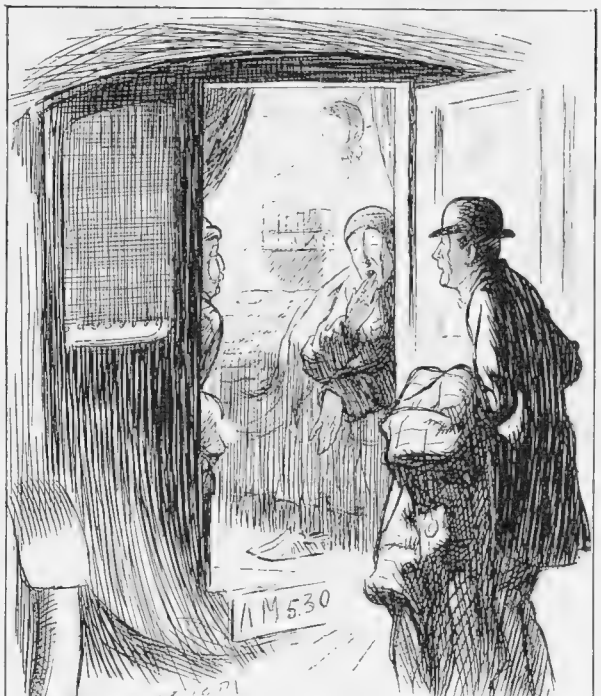
The Emperor, after a fanfare of trumpets, announced that he was there that day, not from any desire of the locality to have him—(loud applause)—or from any benefit likely to accrue to it, but for a far higher reason—because he chose. (Subdued consternation.)

He intended to establish contentment in Schwashbucklerberg if he had to shoot or imprison everyone within it! (Angry murmurs, suppressed by the artillery.) It was on this historic spot that his never-likely-to-be-forgotten grandfather had graciously been pleased to co-operate with Providence, and had assumed the Iron Crown. He meant to take up the burden of these glorious implements handed down to him—("*hoch! hoch!*")—however unworthy. (Accidental applause by the hired supporters, who were charged by dragoons.)

He wished to make it clear that he was entirely indifferent to the wishes of his incapable Army, his doddering Ministry, and his infatuated, beer-blown people. (General cheering of a forced character.)

It was his determination to march straight forward, undeterred, towards any goal he might fancy—("*hoch!*")—and to engage at a moment's notice in any war, however disastrous. (Here the cavalry again drew their swords.)

In the course of a week or so he hoped to introduce measures doing away with the Town Councils, the Chambers of Commerce, the Law Courts, and the Houses of Parliament. (Sensation. Police attack with bludgeons, charge of cavalry on the outskirts of the crowd. Discharge of shells by the artillery, which silenced the opposition. Departure of the Emperor amid enthusiasm. Commencement of the Independence of Schwashbucklerberg.)



The Opening of the Cubbing Season

"Capital idea, a sleeping car, for these disgustingly early meets. Hot water and everything in the dressing car, William? . . . Then forrard away!"

BY J. L. C. BOOTH

A Musical Entente Cordiale

THE GLOOMY PROSPECT OF MORE ECCENTRIC ORCHESTRAS

The success of the Russian Balalaika Orchestra (can the centre picture be intended to represent it?) in London leads our artist to fear lest we be deluged shortly with the instrumental forces of other countries. If his imagination is to be trusted, the prospect is a gloomy one

BY H. M. BATEMAN

PARIS SHOWS

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

IT is the first, first night of the season. The few hundred people who constitute the Tout Paris have come back from the seaside and have not yet started for the châteaux where they visit and shoot, or for the South of France, where they take sunbaths and gamble. And be it said, by the way, the life of a Parisian theatrical manager is hemmed in with a quickset hedge of difficulties nowadays, for the poor man never quite knows when his season may begin or end. Because, you see, in Paris, before the real public will flock in to pay for stalls and boxes in the theatres, the Tout Paris, the all-important world of deadheads, has to see the show. It has to see it because, unless it has seen it, unless it has talked about it in certain restaurants, and written about it in certain papers, the paying public, which, from the point of view of the management, is the more important, will ignore it also.

The Tout Paris en Route

Therefore the Parisian season begins when the Tout Paris comes back to Paris, and the Tout Paris in these days of 1910 is a good deal more *out* of Paris than in it, which, I believe, is also true of London and the Londoners. Directly the Grand Prix is over the Tout Paris pops off by train and by motor-car to Trouville and Deauville, to Cabourg and other expensive places by the sea, where Tout Paris may wear white flannel trousers, and Madame Toute Paris be seen in bathing dresses which come from the Rue de la Paix. On the last day of August the Tout Paris takes Paris in its stride for the châteaux, where the partridge and pheasant await it. It pops into Paris again in October, and with the first fogs of November (for Paris has its November fogs now, which have come from London with the washing), the Tout Paris bolts for the Côte d'Azur, to come back in May for a month or two.

Hats and Tan

Well, the Tout Paris is in Paris and the Folies Bergère's management knows it. Therefore, invitations have been sent out, and the Paris season has begun. It takes me five minutes from the door of my house to get to the door of the Folies Bergère, but it takes me more than half an hour to get from the door of the Folies Bergère to my place in the stalls. We are so pleased to see one another, you see, and to make pleasant little remarks about our varying shades of tan. I rather suspect the Vicomte. He wears a yellow-stained straw hat this evening it is true (we all wear weather-stained straw hats this evening), but his tan is just a little bit too perfect to be real.

Sand on the Carpet!

I am inclined to think that the little man —and the Vicomte is little, though quite important— has spent July and August in the wilds of Passy, and has read up all that he now repeats so glibly about the Tyrol in Baedeker. Poor little chap! It must be very hard to live for two months behind closed shutters for the sake of fashion, and then pretend that you have had a gorgeous holiday. But it is an effort in artificiality of which the Vicomte is quite capable. It is quite easy to pick out those of us who have had our summer fashionably from those who, like myself, have spent it in thick boots, old clothes, and shirts with nice soft collars. We feel, and look, a little strange in the evening clothes which have been left

We all wear weather-stained straw hats and make pleasant remarks about our varying shades of tan

"Vive la Grève"

THE PARIS MIDINETTES DEMONSTRATE AGAINST THEIR EMPLOYERS

The dressmakers' girls of Paris are out on strike, and determined to remain so until their alleged grievances against their employers are removed. They have been daily holding meetings in the Bourse du Travail, and have been accorded much sympathy by the ever-chivalrous Parisians

BY LEON FAURET

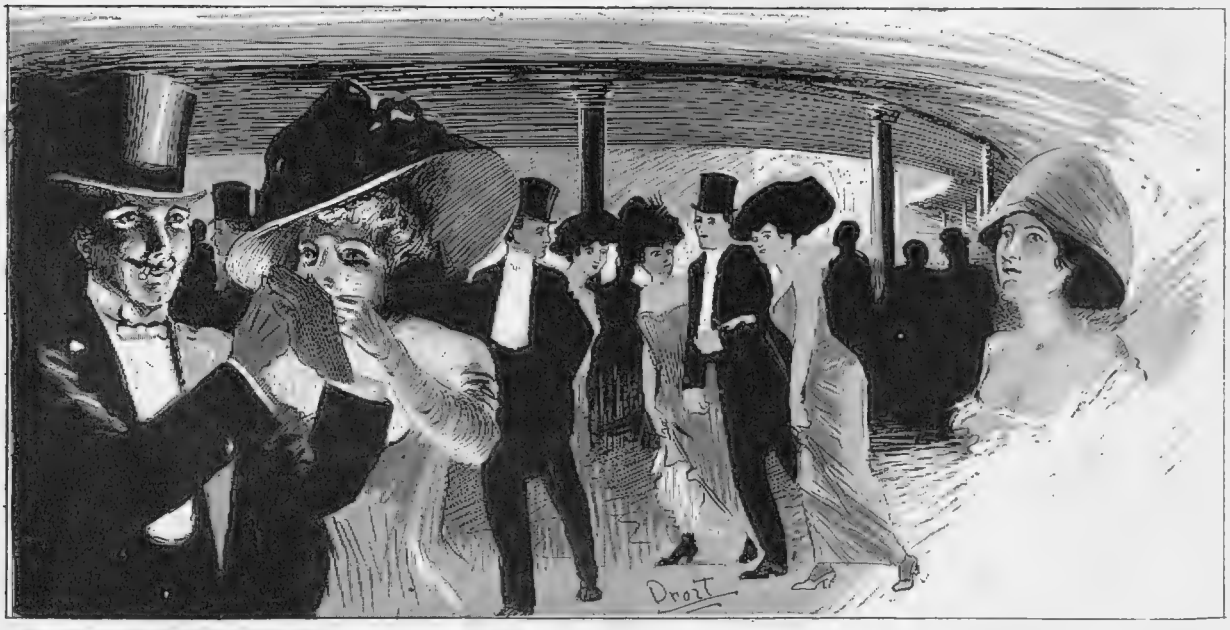
upon the pegs so long. And I notice traces of sea-sand on the Folies Bergère carpet. That comes from the dress clothes of the fashionable contingent returned from the seaside.

Entr'acte Chatter

There are few things more delightful than a stroll from the Casino out on to the sands in pleasant company. Is it not so, Madame? WELL! here we are in our places. There is P. L. Flers, with a dark brown face, and Mademoiselle Marville, plump and rosy under a huge picture hat. Flers wants to see what the Folies Bergère looks like without one of his own *revues*. It looks rather happy, but that, dear P. L., is not a reflection on you. It is because the ballet is by Mariquita, and the sketch which Paul Ardot and Anna Dancrey play delightfully is by the witty Paul Ardot himself. In the entr'actes our talk is all of swimming and fishing and motors and aeroplanes and straggling out from a music-hall before the show is over. To-night we love it. We have either seen no plays at all or old, old favourites during the last two months. And this is new. The music is by Louis Ganne, and there is the ever-young Otero dressed as an Arab prince, with ropes of real pearls, and plaques of real diamonds. Mon Dieu! how well we know those plaques and pearls, but we had forgotten them, and we are revelling in them to-night. How did we get on without them through the dog days? And where was Otero? Did she not miss us as we missed her jewels?

For What we are About to Receive—

We enjoy the dancing, we enjoy the music, we enjoy the Ardot-Dancrey sketch, we enjoy everything. The sea and the country for which we hungered two months ago are the same old sea and the same old country by now, but the same old Folies



"The Folies Bergere has taken a new lease of life, and it is good to be alive"

biplanes, of anything, in fact, but the commonplaces of urban life.

Supper, and so Hungry

Le sport, le footing (which is French for walking), le loving (which is the French for flirting), and other seaside and rural pleasures are our topics. It is the first night of the season; we are only just back, and we have not had time yet to begin wondering what the new season is going to bring forth. And after midnight (Paris is civilised, and there is no "time, gentlemen, please" hour) we go off to supper with terrible appetites. In a few weeks, alas! the tan and midnight will have disappeared together. We shall again become pale and *blasé* But the season is only beginning, and Paris is as happy in anticipation as a girl who is just coming out.

Once More, the Pearls

Just watch us this evening. If you have crossed the Channel in your aeroplane, and you have not had the time to change, come into the corner here with the limelight man. Now watch the audience. In a few weeks' time a first night audience will be Bergère has taken a new lease of life, and it is good to be alive. The season has begun. And Paris is Paris again. Who was it said that the best thing life had to offer was anticipation? Whoever said it knew a thing or two.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

THE DEMOCRATIC CHANCELLOR!

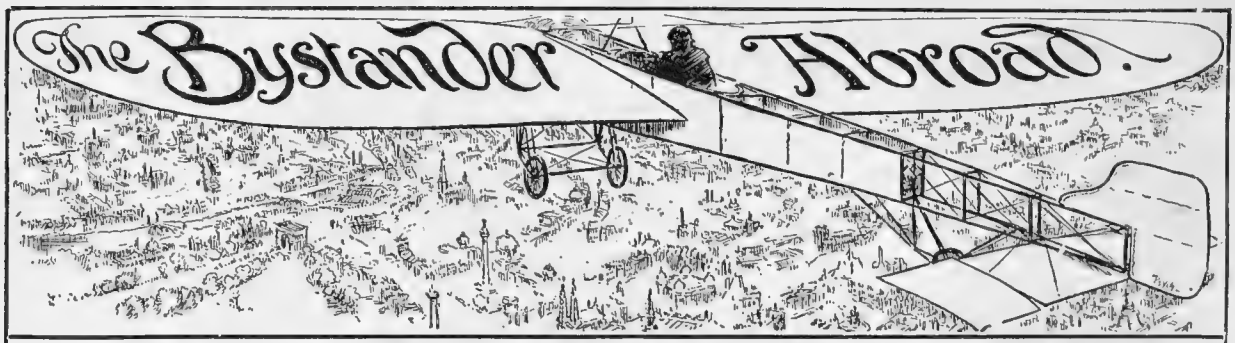
A characteristic story of the Chancellor of the Exchequer has just come to us from a returned holiday-maker. Staying at an hotel were two gentlemen, one of whom was an ardent Radical, the other a severe Tory. On seeing Mr. Lloyd George, the former said, "Oh, I must—I positively will shake hands with him!" The Tory snorted his unconcern and turned away, while his companion, with outstretched hand, introduced himself to the Chancellor and asked to be granted a handshake. Was he rebuffed? Of course not. "Shake hands?" condescendingly replied Mr. George. "Certainly. I'll shake hands with *anybody!*" When the enthusiast rejoined his sardonic friend, the expression on his face lacked glee somehow.

An Interrupted Imperial Ride

THE KAISER HEARS THE NEWS OF LORD ROBERTS'S SUDDEN ILLNESS

GENERAL VON LOEWENFELD INFORMING THE KAISER OF THE NON-ARRIVAL OF LORD ROBERTS

The British Special Mission to announce to the Prussian Court the Accession of King George, headed by Lord Roberts, was delayed at Vienna by the indisposition of the famous Field-Marshal. The news did not reach Berlin until all preparations for the official reception of the mission at Anhalter station had been completed. While returning from the station General von Loewenfeld, who had been waiting on the platform, met the Kaiser riding in the Tiergarten and communicated the news to him. Luckily, Lord Roberts soon recovered from his illness, and was duly received by the Emperor in Berlin



The Meeting of the Marquis de San Guiliano and Count d'Aehrenthal: A Diplomatic Sensation: Young Turkish Democrats at Brussels

Champions of Italy and Austria

The meeting of the Marquis de San Guiliano and Count d'Aehrenthal has created a great sensation throughout Germany as well as Austria, and even the French have watched every *geste* in this little comedy with the attention of interested and anxious spectators. The reason of this attention throughout practically the whole of the Continent is almost as much in the personality of the Marquis de San Guiliano as in the circumstances amid which his visit to his Austro-Hungarian *confrère* is made. The Marquis played a part in London which was conspicuously in accordance with the old traditions of Anglo-Italian friendship. He then went to Paris to stop the breach which had been made in the Franco-Italian *entente* by the tactless predecessor who replaced the popular Count Tornielli, and having repaired the breach he was called to Rome to take charge of the Foreign Office. His next step has been to try and heal the open wound which has been festering instead of healing ever since the Crispian policy of friendship with Austria-Hungary and the Triple Alliance.

A Royal Photographer

The King of Italy snapshotting some picturesque Montenegrin women. He was recently at Cettinje during the festivities connected with his father-in-law's assumption of the style of King. On the right is Prince Boris, elder son and heir of the King of Bulgaria

An Intellectual Treat

The Marquis de San Guiliano being notoriously Francophile and Anglophile, his visit to the Emperor and Count Aehrenthal has a more than usual significance. Nobody in Italy knows Germanic civilisation, literature, and character better than the Marquis. Speaking German like a German he can adapt himself to the exigencies of language and thought of the rulers of Austria without sacrificing any of that independence which makes Italian statesmen such masters of their art. Like Cavour, he never loses sight of his one object of making friends for Italy. He went to Austria to make a friend of Count Aehrenthal, and Count Aehrenthal will think of him as one of the most charming, most cultured, and most *understanding* of men he has ever met. One of his chief faculties is that of enjoying the conversation of those he meets, and I feel sure that Count Aehrenthal and he will have talked of many things besides the political relations of Austria-Hungary and Italy. The Marquis, in spite of the tortures he suffers from gout, forgets his pains in sympathetic companionship, and is the merriest talker in whatever society he is. Count Aehrenthal is quite a different sort of diplomatist. He is of the typically discreet and confidential kind, speaking in whispers, and careful in language. For an independent observer the meeting of these two men must have been an intellectual treat.

Turkish "Comrades"

I have just returned from Brussels, where I have seen one of the most interesting cosmopolitan gatherings which have taken place during the pending exhibition. The inter-Parliamentary Conference may not do much serious work, but in bringing Parliamentary representatives of a score of nations together it offers a quite unique spectacle. Among them the most interesting of all were the eleven Young Turks, headed by Ferid Pasha, the brother-in-law of the Sultan. There is something quite romantic in the fact that the leader of the Young Turkish delegation should hold this position and be himself as advanced in his ideas of the enfranchisement of the people as the wildest Western democrat. Another of the Turkish delegates was Gabriel Effendi, the ex-Minister of Commerce and the first Minister under the new *régime*. Most of these Turks looked so clever among the stolid Westerns, especially these two and Carasso, the member for Salonica, a brilliant Ottoman advocate, with sharp, penetrating eyes shining from a bronzed countenance, and looking as wideawake as all the others put together.

In Flooded Tokio

THE JOLLY JAP MAKES THE BEST OF A BAD JOB

Terrible floods recently devastated the district round Tokio, the capital of Japan, which has a population of over two millions. Tens of thousands of those rendered homeless were sheltered in the temples and school-houses. The gas and electric light services of the city largely failed, and the vegetable and fish supplies got very short. One of the three most important embankments protecting the city gave way, and there was at one time a danger that half of Tokio would be submerged

One Ship—One Gun!

HORRIFYING FORECAST OF THE EVOLUTION OF THE PETROL-DRIVEN BATTLESHIP

In the above drawing Lieut. Beuttler forecasts what the threatened petrol-driven battleship may eventually come to in these democratic days—on the "one ship, one gun" principle—with a Liberal Government enforcing economy in naval matters

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"KING HENRY VIII." AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

SIR HERBERT TREE has a genius in melodrama that is peculiarly his own. There is no one quite like him for gathering up a string of commonplaces and putting something very like a soul into them. When we first heard that he was taking this play in hand we all knew that its success was a foregone conclusion. *King Henry VIII.* is, after all, only a melodrama, but Sir Herbert has mounted it with such lavishness and such distinction that he presents us with a series of most admirable pictures, valuable alike for their historical accuracy and their artistic taste. It is true that even Sir Herbert's genius cannot prevent the entertainment from becoming here and there a little monotonous. But that is the fault of the author, whoever he may be. Some ascribe the play to W. Shakespeare; others to F. Bacon, and others, again, to J. Fletcher. The only thing I am certain about in this respect, however, is that I am not myself the author of the piece. I have written quite enough rubbish in my time without having to fasten a play like *King Henry VIII.* on to my pathetic record.

THE play is all about King Henry's misplaced attachment for Anne Bullen, as everyone knows. I say "everyone knows" out of politeness and sheer goodness of heart, because as a matter of fact I have met lately a great many people who did not know what the play was about. I recently met a lady who remarked that she had never heard of it before, but she was going to see it because Mr. Henry Ainley was in the cast; and it is on record that another lady waited outside the pit for ten hours for the first performance because she was burning with curiosity to see how Mr. Bourchier looked in his home-grown whiskers. And yet there are people who say that the British public has no interest in the higher drama! As a matter of fact, Mr. Bourchier's appearance was a surprise to everyone. He has made himself up like the well-known portraits of Bluff King Hal by Holbein (whose plucky attempts to swim the Channel are still remembered). Mr. Bourchier has succeeded in getting a likeness to his subject (if a King can be properly called a subject) which is quite remarkable, and when he took his place on the throne and faced the audience I thought the applause would never leave off. Mr. Bourchier, however, does more than look the part; he acts every minute of it with a rare sincerity, and his was certainly the triumph of the evening.

WHAT we know about King Henry VIII. is gathered mostly from what the historians have not written rather than from what they have set down in their books for the use of schools and families. After all, when you are writing historical truth for green and unsophisticated youth, you have to run the whitewash brush over the facts here and there occasionally, and dazzle the youthful reader with sesquipedalian terminology in the trustful hope that he will never know what he has missed. Henry first meets Anne Bullen at Cardinal Wolsey's Palace, where there is a little supper and dance of the kind not usually, I believe, associated with mediæval asceticism. This scene is one of the first of the displays of magnificence in the production, and it is very satisfying. There

Henry

IMPRESSIONS BY NORMAN MORROW OF THE GREAT SU

VIII"

Sketches at His Majesty's

THE KING FIRST MEETS ANNE BULLEN!

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS QUEEN KATHARINE

SIR HERBERT TREE AS "CARDINAL WOLSEY"

THE MORRIS DANCERS

HAKESPEAREAN PAGEANT AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

is a sort of ballet by a troupe of hired revellers, which is a most lively and exhilarating affair. Henry throws the wary eye of a connoisseur over the merry little Anne, and a moment later they are dancing together as if they had known each other for years. The part of Anne is admirably represented by Miss Laura Cowie, who is quite fascinating enough to turn the heart of any ordinarily susceptible man. Her portrait, drawn by Mr. R. G. Mathews, appears on the opposite page.

THIS play being a melodrama, Cardinal Wolsey has been allotted the part of the conventional "villain" who makes mischief throughout the play and is overtaken by Nemesis in the last act. If he is not at the finish led off handcuffed between a couple of detectives, it is only because Scotland Yard was not so well known to dramatists in those days as it is in our time. It is fair to say that for the sake of getting all the sensation that is possible out of the theme, the "villain" Wolsey is painted a good deal redder than he ever was, even when he was wearing his scarlet robes. Wolsey's first piece of villainy is to cause the arrest and execution of the Duke of Buckingham, who is practically the hero of the play, and gets all the sympathy, especially as he is much better looking than the middle-aged Cardinal. Mr. Ainley's attractive appearance is, however, only one of the incidental advantages with which nature has endowed him. He delivered Buckingham's farewell speech with fine elocution and in a most convincing manner, so much so, indeed, that several ladies in the audience, following the friendly lead of the stage crowd, wept copiously and sniffed prodigiously all the while.

THE scene of Buckingham's farewell is quite a triumph of stage management. It represents "The River Gate," and looks very much like the "Traitor's Gate" at the Tower of London, which is, of course, far better known to foreign visitors than to the indigenous Londoner, just as English people know more about the Eiffel Tower than does the stay-at-home Parisian. A French gentleman told me once that it is not considered good form to admit that you have ascended the Eiffel Tower, and—but it occurs to me that I am digressing. The same thing may also have occurred to the reader, which only goes to show that the poet was right when he remarked: *Les grands esprits se rencontrent!* What I had intended to say was that there was in the scene itself an atmosphere that clearly suggested impending death by violence, and this added considerably to the effect of the touching words of the ill-fated Duke. Before he began his speech, a headsman, ostentatiously shouldering a large and saucy-looking chopper, marched through the "River Gate" and took his place on a barge that was waiting there; and when Buckingham had done talking he, too, walked to the barge, which was then spirited away in the gloom with an effect that was most realistic. The audience remained silent for some moments after the barge had disappeared, as if they fully expected to hear in due course the swish of the axe that was to biff Buckingham into the undertaker's department. I think that moment's silence was a distinct tribute to the absorbing interest of the scene.

ANOTHER striking success is scored by Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who gives a nice dignity to the part of the unhappy Catherine of Aragon. Miss Vanbrugh is at her best in the trial scene, where, like the gentle fawn at bay, she pleads with Henry for a fair hearing, and then gives the Cardinal a piece of her mind; there was the ring of true pathos in her tone, and the audience, who were naturally sorry to see so gentle a lady so greatly distressed, made it quite clear that their sympathies were with her and not with the horrid old Cardinal. It is not Miss Vanbrugh's fault that the later scene, in which the ill-fated Queen fades away and gradually—very gradually—dies, should seem a little monotonous for some of us who have a taste for the brighter side of things. That is the fault of the author, and if I knew who he was, I should not hesitate to tell him so. Whatever the horrid Cardinal may have done or left undone, however, it is at least to his credit that he was considerate enough to die off the stage, where I have always held that every self-respecting man ought to die. Queen Catherine, on the other hand, pegged out slowly before our eyes in an armchair without the aid of a doctor—as the humorists say. She resembled the Merry Monarch in that she was "an unconscionable time dying," but, unlike him, she did not have the grace to apologise for the unavoidable discourtesy.

SIR HERBERT TREE has the twofold honour of being responsible for one of the finest and most artistic productions of our time, and of giving us in the very difficult part of Cardinal Wolsey one of his best impersonations. For the greater part of the play the Cardinal is held up to us as a scheming rascal, intent only on his own advancement, be the cost to others what it may. We come to regard him quite naturally as the "villain" of the piece, and when he falls from his high estate, we have a sort of feeling that there was justice for people in those days, even if it is out of date in our own times. It called for no ordinary skill in an actor to bring about a satisfactory revulsion of feeling, but in this Sir Herbert succeeded beyond most of our expectations. He delivered with quite a perfect note the lines in which the great Cardinal throws aside the meretricious honours that bind his soul to earth; and he shows us with convincing precision, as he puts off the state of the Cardinal, the true and noble humility of the man. It is a great performance, and worthy of our best traditions. One of the charms of this production is the able manner in which the fine arts have been wedded in it. There is good acting for those that appreciate that sort of thing, and there is panorama and pageantry for those who are impressed by the gilt and tinsel of stage scenery. For the latter the final scene, representing the coronation of Anne Bullen, will be doubtless a satisfying spectacle. I have never seen a real coronation, but I have little doubt that Sir Herbert Tree has satisfied himself that his reproduction is historically correct, while, merely considered as a splendid and imposing picture, it is likely to draw all the town. JINGLE.

The Playhouse

Saturday matinées of *Tantalizing Tommy*, which had been discontinued during the summer months, were resumed on Saturday last, September 10, and a matinée of this play will in future be given every Wednesday and Saturday.

Pencil Portraits of Stage Favourites

(DULY AUTOGRAPHED BY THEMSELVES)

MISS LAURA COWIE: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY R. G. MATHEWS

Miss Cowie gives a delightful performance of Anne Bullen in Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "Henry VIII."

(Previous issues containing drawings by R. G. Mathews of Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Winifred Emery, Mlle. Anna Pavlova, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Elsie Spain, and Miss Valli Valli, and by Harold H. Smith of Sir H. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, may be obtained from the Publisher)

Unplaced—Of Course!

A STUDY IN RACECOURSE PHILOSOPHY ACTUALLY WITNESSED AT DONCASTER AND RECORDED FOR "THE BYSTANDER" BY CHAS. PEARS

LOVE'S WEB

By STEPHEN SAINT

EVERY man at one time in his life looks down the barrel of a loaded revolver and fingers the trigger. Some men cannot afford the weapon, but they go through the process mentally. Many a razor has been handled of sin prepense by a white-lipped, shivering fellow, who is to-day gold-drunk and brain-proud. All of us have contemplated suicide before we have reached the age of thirty. If we have not, then there is something sickeningly wrong with our pathway and the decoration of its walls and shop-windows.

Arthur Lechear was a man around whom joy scintillated, happiness flashed, and luck glowed with an eternal fervour. He had a small fortune—at least, they call such sums small at Coutts—he filled his clothes well, and was sufficiently ugly to look exceedingly handsome in evening dress. He was well-born, the second son of a peer with big shootings, and had done really well in a scholastic and social sense at Eton and Cambridge.

On his twenty-eighth birthday he lay on a couch in a private sitting-room in a Cairo hotel. The table had just been cleared of his luncheon dishes, and he was smoking a long, thin cigar that gave forth a peculiarly sleepy and heavy smoke. His feet rested on the arm of the couch, and his head lay on a pillow. On his knees lay a bunch of papers, at which he did not seem to want to look.

Presently another man entered the room, and flung himself into an armchair by Lechear's couch. He was a youthful-looking fellow, with a good colour, fine physique, and businesslike nose and lips. There was excitement in his manner.

"Well, Tommy, what have you found out?" asked Lechear, lazily.

Tommy Aykrell was Lechear's private secretary—at a good salary, and boon companion—at some loss to his own inordinate self-respect.

"It's the queerest story," confessed Aykrell. "You'll hardly believe me when I tell you."

"Fire ahead."

"Well, you know where, how, and when you met this girl?"

Lechear waved his hand impatiently.

"Well, when I recognised her first at dinner last night I very naturally suspected that she had followed you here. You were so obviously impressed in Paris that the girl, if she were an adventuress playing for big game, would think nothing of following you from France to Egypt. Well, she hasn't followed you here. On the contrary, she thinks that you and I have followed her."

"Nonsense!"

"Let me explain. I found her in the drawing-room, which was empty, save for a knitting, deaf, and elderly spinster, who sat in the opposite corner to the fair unknown, whose name, by the way, is Mrs. Galloway."

"How do you know that? Are you sure she's married?"

"Don't be impatient. Well, I walked quietly up to Mrs. Galloway, leant over her shoulder, and said, 'I hardly expected to find you here.' She turned very white. She didn't turn to look at me. I thought for a moment that she was going to faint. Then in very even, quiet tones she said, 'Ah, you've caught me, have you? Where is your warrant?'"

"Tommy, what on earth are you inventing for my amusement now?"

"Nothing. She asked for my warrant. I said, 'I beg your pardon.' No one on earth would have thought of anything else to say. Then she looked at me. And she is exceedingly pleasing when she raises her eyes, Arthur. A look of great relief crossed her entirely charming face, and she said, half smilingly, 'Why, I thought you must be a det——.'"

"A what, Tommy?"

"A det——. Nothing more. She thought that I was a det——. Can you finish the word? If a woman, mistaking you for a det——, asks for your warrant, I think you may fairly assume that she has put you down as a detective. What do you say?"

"Marvellous!"

Tommy stroked the hair at the back of his skull and looked gratified.

"But let me tell you the rest. Immediately she failed to finish the word, my brain sprung into instant action. I almost interrupted her, so quickly did I come to a decision to play a bold game."

"Hurry it up."

"I said to her, 'Oh, no, I'm not a detective, but aren't you rather unwise to travel as you do?' That was non-committal, wasn't it, Arthur? I did not accuse her, but the question might mean much to a guilty person, a fugitive from justice. It might draw from her a——"

"Oh, Lordy, Lordy, you're boring me, Tommy, and

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worrying me, too. I shall go to her and ask for the story in a minute."

"Impossible. You will understand in a moment. Her reply to me was very nervously given. She said, 'Then you know me? Why haven't you exposed me?' I shrugged my shoulders. 'Why should I?' I replied. 'It is not my business. Let the detectives do their own dirty work.' She said that it was very good of me, and asked if I thought others had recognised her. I said, 'A few, probably—none, possibly!' Then she shrugged her shoulders, resignedly, I thought. Extraordinarily pretty shoulders, Arthur, I grant you. Presently she asked me if I believed all that had been in the papers, and if you also believed it."

"Ah, she asked what I thought, did she?"

"Yes. I told her that neither of us had read much about the case, and we scarcely remembered the details. Then came the revealing statement. She said, 'You may take it from me that the whole of the story about the forged cheques is an abominable lie.' I must say I winced in my chair."

"Good Heavens! You don't mean that she's——! And yet the likeness is remarkable. But Mrs. Tempest was dark, and this girl is fair."

"Dye."

"Awful! Awful! A lovely, frail little creature like that."

Lechear was shocked to the heart. His passion for this charming hotel acquaintance was genuine. He had met her in Paris, and though Aykrell did not know it, he had followed her to Cairo, whither he had learned from an hotel attendant she was travelling. Now it had been brought home to him rudely and abruptly that the woman who had filled his thoughts for every hour of the past thirty days was—wanted for murder.

Mrs. Tempest's portrait was in every illustrated paper in the globe. She had shot her husband in cold blood, locked the body up in the flat, and, moving into a West-End hotel, for a week had changed cheques for big sums on her husband's banking account. All the cheques, so the newspapers stated, were considered forgeries by the bank authorities, when the discovery of the body drew attention to them. The cashier who paid out the moneys was exonerated from blame, but it was, nevertheless, felt that the signatures were, nay, must have been, forgeries. They were exactly like Mr. Tempest's, the manager admitted, but, by some obscure process of reasoning, he had arrived at the decision that Mr. Tempest had never written them. Mrs. Tempest had left the hotel when the crime was discovered, and had completely vanished. Her early arrest was certain, but here she was at Cairo unsuspected by any but Lechear and his secretary.

Lechear walked up and down the room. His face was flaming, his heart and pulse beating at a violent rate.

"Tommy, this is ghastly."

"It is."

"Poor little girl, poor little girl."

"Don't get too sentimental about it, Arthur. It's a dangerous business."

"Dangerous? Damn the danger. I'm going to see her."

Aykrell jumped up and placed a restraining hand on his employer's arm.

"Be careful, Arthur. Think the matter over calmly before you have anything further to do with her. No woman is worth such a risk."

"Rubbish. She's in trouble, poor little darling. I'm going to stick to her. I'll save her if I can. I'll swear her husband was a blackguard."

"Arthur, for God's sake, sit down and be reasonable. What are you going to do? What can you do?"

"Tommy, I'm going to protect her. I'm going to carry her away where the law can't reach her, if she will come with me."

"You can't protect her. You can't save her. She will be found in the end."

"Well?"

"Then, my dear Arthur, you will stand by her side in the dock, accused of harbouring and protecting a fugitive from justice. You may even be accused of being an accessory after the crime."

"I don't care, I don't care. I love her, and I'll save her if it's humanly possible."

"It isn't humanly possible. I give you six months, a year if you like, but she'll be caught in the end, and you with her."

"Then I'll share her fate. Tommy, go away, go away, and let me think."

Tommy would have spoken again, but he saw a look in Lechear's face that bade him keep silence. He went quietly from the room.

Outside the door Aykrell's expression changed. Over the boyish, frank face came a look of intense cunning and not a little shame. He made his way to his bedroom, and collected a number of newspapers. With them he made himself comfortable in an easy chair.

A sum of £1,000 was offered by Mr. Tempest's relatives for the apprehension of his murderer. It flamed from the newspapers into Tommy's starting eyes. One thousand pounds! Lechear, his employer, was going to harbour this woman. He knew it. Lechear was going to endeavour to conceal her. He was now thinking about it, and Tommy knew perfectly well what his decision would be. What did that mean? It meant that within a very short space of time Lechear would be socially damned. It meant that within the space of a few short months Tommy's employer would be arrested in Mrs. Tempest's company. He knew Lechear's nature, that he would stick to the woman through thick and thin. That meant that Lechear would be prosecuted and in all probability convicted. His, Aykrell's, employment would be gone. He would have to find a new opening. One thousand pounds was one thousand pounds. What was Lechear to him? His employer; nothing more. A good friend he had been, but there were limits. With Lechear a convict, he would be stranded. One thousand pounds would help him into new employment. It would cover the time during which he was searching for a fresh opportunity.

Presently Aykrell took pen and paper, and wrote a letter. Then he addressed an envelope to those who were most interested in the detection of Mrs. Tempest's hiding-place.

. . . . . .

Arthur Lechear did not spend long in thought. He was soon in the drawing-room. Mrs. Galloway, as she chose to call herself, was gone. Lechear inquired

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A Form of Life and Light

"Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty"

—Byron

(Continued from page 552)

of the servants, and found that his troubled idol was in her bedroom. He sent up his card with a brief message scribbled on it, and was soon admitted into a sitting-room adjoining her boudoir.

She lay in a bewitching *peignoir* on a low divan. More of her shoulders and breast and stockings were exposed than should have been the case with a woman of the world, notwithstanding the heat, and to a less ardent lover, the daring sensuousness of her clothes and ribbons would have been objectionable. But Lechear had no eyes in his passion. It was sufficient that he was again on his knees by her side.

"Darling," he said, and he kissed the hand that hung limply from the couch. "Mr. Aykrell has told me what you said. I understand. I forgive, if it is my privilege to forgive. But you aren't safe, dear. Come with me. I asked for you in Paris when I did not know. I know now, but still I ask you to come. I will protect you, save you. Come!"

She turned her body and her lovely head. Her face sank into a silken cushion. She sobbed, and her body shook in a convulsion of agony.

Lechear was so profoundly moved that words died on his lips. He bent and kissed her hair, begged her to master herself and speak to him. He shuddered as he looked down on the frail, trembling little body, and remembered that death by hanging might be its fate.

She turned at last, and looked up at him with swimming, violet eyes.

It was the face of a child. An unhappy, beautiful child. Her mouth was firm, and protested innocence. Her eyes were as clear and sinless as the depth of an unseen sky. The chin and forehead were eloquent of nobility of character. Surely never anything so monstrous as that this gracious human flower should be hunted for murder.

"Darling, say you will come. I will take you away to-night, on the Nile. We will float away where they will least think of seeking you, where there will be no one with prying eyes to render you nervous. I will comfort you, dear. You will forget. I will make you forget."

The girl thought while she cried. She had once laid in this keen, strong young Englishman's arms in Paris when he did not know her secret. Now he knew, and still he wanted her. She had denied him then because of his ignorance. The barrier no longer stood in the way. Why should she refuse his help now?

Her agony of doubt did not last long. She put out her tiny hand, ablaze with rings. She drew his face to within an inch of hers.

"I will come with you, Arthur," she said. "And God bless you." The breath from her lips as she spoke caressed his mouth.

That night they stole away up the Nile in a dahabeeah. Aykrell knew nothing of it until the following day, when this note was given to him by the manager of the hotel.

"I enclose a cheque for six months' salary. Before that period expires, I will communicate with you. Stay at the Continental, Paris.—ARTHUR."

The boat trip was an ecstasy for one, perhaps for both. The beauty of the little girl whose charge he had undertaken entranced Arthur Lechear. He would sit and watch her while she slept. Then he would look into the depths of the violet skies, ablaze with diamond stars, and back from them, with a superior smile, at the lovely little creature he was shielding from the fury of the world. He was immensely, grossly happy.

The girl appeared to revel in his affection and constant solicitude. No word of the ghastly tragedy that had marred her life was breathed between them, and on the silent reaches of the river, between the monuments and relics of ages long forgot, nothing occurred to disturb their peace of mind. Sometimes when her features were in repose, they assumed a hunted expression, but Lechear devoted himself to her constant entertainment.

It was, perhaps, after ten days' happy journeying that the first little jar occurred. She had suggested a little boredom with the monotony of the trip. She thought they might turn back again and dare the light of capitals, or, at least, the flickering gleam of quiet towns. The suggestion filled Lechear with terror—more, it must be said, in justice to him, for her than for himself. He knew that the hunt would not be given up for many a long day, and, moreover, he, quite rightly, distrusted Aykrell. He confided his misgivings to his beloved companion, but she laughed at them, and rather petulantly demanded if he intended for ever treating her as a stowaway.

Lechear was hurt, but he gave way. The boat's head was turned, and they sailed, in Lechear's profound conviction, straight for the gates of prison.

On the following night Lechear sat in the cabin with the girl. She was in a bad humour, and his kisses met with no response. He begged her to tell him the cause of her annoyance, but she shrugged her shoulders.

"You are foolish, Myra," he said. "I could save you, and we should always be happy."

"I wonder about that," she drawled. "I think I would rather experience the excitement of arrest than be bored. I don't mean that you bore me, dear, but this boat and the ghastly river are dreadful. I'm sick of the stars. I want to see lamps again and electric light. This boat is so terribly small. Life is no good to me unless something is happening. Strong sensations I want. I must have them. I should like to hate someone sufficiently to start a vendetta, and then hunt him, and catch him, and——. Oh, this ghastly little cabin!"

She threw up her hands and her lovely mouth tightened.

"You are hysterical, dear. The agony of mind you have endured has slightly upset your sense of balance. You no more want to hunt than to be hunted."

"I do! I do! I am mad to hunt. I've got that instinct in my blood. And I'm not a sportswoman, far from it. Do you know, as a child of nine, I killed a cat—a great big cat it was, and wanted killing. I have shot one hundred pigeons let loose from a trap in an afternoon, not in a competition, but because I——. But you would never understand. You like peaceful things. We should never be happy together."

"That is unfair and ungrateful, Myra."

"I know—but frankly, Arthur, you would bore me." She yawned as if to point her statement. Pettishly

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Famous Cricketers: No. 9

MR. GILBERT JESSOP: A SKETCH BY THORPE

Gloucester's captain and a famous bat. "The Croucher," once he starts hitting, is the fastest scorer extant. He is, perhaps, the finest cover-point in England. Mr. Jessop has played for England in many international contests

(Continued from page 554)

he left her and went up into the bows of the boat and watched the shore as it glided past.

Presently he felt sleepy, and wanted to return to the cabin. But obstinately he decided to sleep on deck, and bidding a man fetch some cushions he stretched himself out, close to the side. He was so close that his position was almost dangerous.

An hour later, the girl ran from the bows of the boat, and shouted to the steersman.

"Quick, quick," she screamed, "he has fallen overboard." And then she fainted.

Arthur Lechear's body was found some days later, mutilated by crocodiles.

On the evening of his death, Mrs. Galloway searched his papers, and for some time practised his signature with his fountain pen. Under the fine linen of her ribboned chemisette Lechear's cheque-book warmly reposed on her girlish breast. STEPHEN SAINT.

GREETING OR FAREWELL

If Life be eternal as love,
I shall see you to-night.
Be our meeting below or above,
In the dark or the light.
I shall see you. My darling will know
Ere the dawning be wan,
That the love of my life bids me go
On the road you have gone.

A year has crept into the day
Since you kissed me, and said,
"Sweetheart! Do you love me?" Then pray
For the life that is dead.
For the life that is dead, and is born
In a new world to-night.
You *will* come to me? Come in the morn,
When the dawning is bright.

Ah! Darling! I come to you blind!
In the dark or the light?
I know not. My sight is confined
To the imminent night.
But the love of my life that I know
Bids me haste to be gone.
I leap in the dark. But I go!—
Let the coward stay on.

Love laughs at the lie that Death lied.
When I saw my love dead,
"I will hasten to steal to your side,"
Were the words that I said.
And the love that in this world was born
Will be with you to-night.
Good-night. I shall see you ere morn.
In the dark or the light?

JAS. BLYTH.

"AUTUMN": A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MRS. K. HAENEL

ULYSSES AND THE SIRENS

WHY KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM WAS CALLED A WOMAN-HATER

K. OF K. has long borne the reputation of being a remorseless and impenitent woman-hater, although it is only one of those many attributes with which imagination is wont to invest a towering and—for the many—somewhat mysterious personality. Those, however, who know Lord Kitchener best are aware that such a sentiment is wholly inconsistent with what constitutes the real greatness of his mind—the ever-present, overmastering passion for efficiency, and intolerance of all the petty subterfuges and makeshifts interposed by either personal or political interests to impede the straight path to its attainment. It is only when obstacles to this ideal have been directly traceable to the influence of the eternal petticoat that the resolute and unimpressionable Field-Marshal has seemed ruthless to the pretty butterfly.

It was when Kitchener's star was rising in Egypt that he first began to trample on such influences, and many a boudoir and backstair knight was provided with a return passage to London. But the butterfly continued to stamp, and K. of K. will never forget one awful adventure which befel him at this time.

A fair and influential lady, interested not wisely but too well in a certain warrior, besought an interview of the Egyptian Sirdar. The immovable one, knowing things, excused himself. The lady announced her intention of calling upon him. He posted an officer at his door with definite instructions. The fair one presented herself, and learnt that the Chief was "not at home." She repeated her visit several days in succession, but the faithful one still stood in the breach.

At last one desperate morning, having listened to the invariable formula, she gasped, "How dare you tell me he is not here! You shall not stop me!" And before the astounded officer could muster sufficient courage for active opposition, the fair foe had rushed the position with a wild rustle of silk petticoats and parasol at the charge.

Down the passage went the attack, and with that wonderful instinct, on which women plume themselves, into a room at the far end, where, behold, a tall man, scantily disguised in shirt and trousers, was revealed at his ablutions. Instantly, like the resourceful warrior he was, he took cover behind a zareba of a table and a couple of chairs, and, reinforcements being at hand, a series of masterly movements speedily raised the siege. The enemy retired to reflect on the vanity of even a surprise attack upon ironclad susceptibilities which are not to be diverted from the public service by all the private and personal interest in the world.

But K. of K. confessed it was the nearest shave he ever had, and but for the furniture might have even been a "regrettable incident." He will never forget it, and in after-times, when it has been recalled, has ejaculated with uplifted hands, "That awful woman!"

Photograph *Bassano*

The Latest (and only) Portrait of Field-Marshal Viscount Kitchener taken since his Return to England

Lord Kitchener is this week the guest of the King at Balmoral

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Holiday Championship Season

This is the season of minor or holiday championships and tournaments, and the mind grows dizzy with the multitude of reports of these meetings. Down in the West Mr. Hilton has been sampling the Westward Ho! course, and, to judge from his scores, finding it excellent going. If I remember rightly, this great player has always found Devonshire air agree with him on his rare visits to those parts, but this year he has surpassed himself. He has carried all before him at the recent meeting of the Royal North Devon Club, and will, doubtless, find his present practice on that lovely course stand him in good stead when the Amateur Championship is played there, as I hope and trust it will be, in 1912.

A Welsh Question

Then there has been the Professional Championship of gallant little Wales, in which Matthews, of Rhyl, was once more successful, Peter Rainford, the ogre of Llangammarch, as some have called him, being second. Wales is evidently determined to insist on her separate entity in golfing affairs, and I expect that we shall soon have a Welsh question added to that Irish question which vexes the souls of the Amateur Championship authorities. Then, when we have exhausted the nations, we shall find the counties coming forward and sending in their claims. But I must not digress any further into this rich field of national sentiment. My excuse must be that I am proposing to deal with a great Irish event, and anything Irish suggests "distressfulness," a quality which, I may mention, is noticeable in golfing as well as in political matters. Truth to tell, Ireland manages to preserve a merry heart in spite of these drawbacks, and for the nineteenth year in succession has opened her hospitable gates to the brutal Saxon and others.

The Irish Invasion

The invaders came in great numbers to Portrush, where the Irish Open Amateur Championship has just been played, but they did not manage to conquer. From first to last Mr. L. O. Munn was the hero of the meeting. He won the opening scoring competition with the very fine return of 77, made under very unfavourable conditions over a very long course, which was, no doubt, stretched to its utmost to test the capacities of the invaders. Then in the Championship itself Mr. Munn preserved his admirable form throughout, and beat all his opponents with considerable ease, the only player who pushed him at all being that fine player, Mr. George Wilkie, in the semi-final. In the final Mr. Munn absolutely overwhelmed Mr. Gordon Lockhart, finishing the first round eight up and finally winning by nine and seven, his score for the first round having been 74, a superb exhibition on such a critical occasion. This is the second year that Mr. Munn has won this great competition. This year the field comprised such notable players as Mr. Lassen, Mr. Fry, and Mr. H. E. Taylor, not to mention many other excellent performers.

Ireland's Cups for the Irish

Mr. Justice Barton handing the Cup for the Irish Open Championship to the winner, Mr. Lionel Munn. Not very long ago the Irish meeting was more or less a happy hunting-ground for the hated Saxon. But Mr. Munn, an Irish barrister, has now won the trophy two years in succession, and as he is only twenty-three it looks as if this golfing "injustice" to Ireland has been averted for some time to come

A First-Class Player

To beat a player of Mr. Lockhart's calibre by such a heavy margin proves that Ireland has got a really first-class player in Mr. Munn. I have always been a great admirer of his powers ever since I saw him at Sandwich during that famous Championship when he fought Mr. Palmer to the twenty-eighth hole. I have watched him at each Amateur Championship since then, and have noted a steady and progressive consolidation of his powers.

Professional Style

His style is, perhaps, best described as rather that of the careful professional than the amateur. By this I mean that he seems to take more pains with his shots than is the case with most amateurs. But he is none the less interesting to watch on that account. He is an admirable putter, and all admirable putters are dangerous opponents. If anyone wants a certificate of Mr. Munn's powers as a putter let him apply to Mr. Guy Campbell, whom he beat in an early round at Hoylake this year practically by means of his putting.

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CRICKET, CRIME, AND THE DAVIS CUP

A Sportiag Black List

Some extremely unkind person has been calculating up, and publishing in cold print, a complete list of all the unfortunate men who have "got a pair" in county cricket this season. Gloatingly and ghoulishly he declares that there has been a heavy increase in 1910 in the numbers of those who have "missed the 100 by 1," as some alleged humorist has it. Statistics are always pretty unhealthy things to tack on to sport, and this particular kind is just about the limit. What a terrible prospect is opened up if this sort of black-listing is to become at all general in sport! Suppose, for instance, we were to give a catalogue of those who at any of this year's lawn tennis tournaments were knocked out in the first round in all events; or of golfers who failed to win a hole, against bogey or flesh-and-blood, in any of the innumerable golfing competitions that have come and gone. I imagine that we should, very rightly and reasonably, be adjudged to have committed a highly offensive and uncalled-for act, by which the players thus dragged into unenviable notoriety might well feel themselves aggrieved.

Cricket and Crime

Our cricketers, however, are now, apparently, as public and almost as popular characters as our murderers, and their consolation for having their little mishaps dragged into the light of day must be that their names are —for a space — in the mouths of all men. Whatever the players may feel about it, it is to be feared that for a large part of the public there is a certain attraction about these records of disaster — the unconfessed, yet extraordinarily powerful, flavour of satisfaction which we extract from the misfortunes of others. It may be with pride or with a false humility, which is even bigger than pride, that we contemplate the bowled-out cricketer or criminal creeping into dock or pavilion, with the pious ejaculation, "There, but for the grace of God, goes Meshach Abednego Smith!" (I trust I have chosen an uncopyrighted name). When the fallen one is a man of note there is an astonishing consolation in the fact that he has shown precisely the same weaknesses as those of lesser men. There is a certain golf course not one hundred miles from Town where, if one hopelessly fluffs one's drive at the fifth, one is frequently told, "Ah! that's exactly the stroke Jack White made off this tee!" The professional match in which this—from White's point of view—painful calamity occurred took place a number of years ago, but the blessed memory of it is still cherished and treasured among frequenters of the links, and will doubtless serve its cheering purpose in many rounds yet to be played.

The Terrier of the Counties

County cricket, of course, has now been officially over for some little time, but in its departing moments it made a very gallant kick. The Leicestershire and Surrey match, with its surprise defeat of the runner-up for the Championship, put a fitting lid on a year well peppered with the excitements which give its flavour to the game. C. J. B. Wood and Whitehead did nobly as regards runs, but the chief figure of the match was Shipman, a fast bowler previously unknown to fame, who made hay of the Surrey first innings, taking nine for 83 on a plumb wicket. Leicester seem now to have taken the place of Somerset as the smart little terrier county which worries all the biggest cows in the field, for, though still occupying a modest place on the Championship list, they have beaten Kent, Surrey, and Lancashire during the summer—not to mention Yorkshire.

Photograph *Sport and General*

The Famous Twins of Lawn Tennis

The brothers Allen have been playing more years than one cares to count, but there seems little, if any, deterioration in their game, though they met with adversity at the Dorset County Meeting just recently. "E. R.," on right, up to the time of writing had won fourteen out of fifteen cups he went in for this year, three of them outright, making well over a score of pots which he has made his absolute property

More Davis Cup Troubles

That unhappy Davis Cup Competition seems to be this year particularly the sport of the gods. First of all, as already related in THE BYSTANDER, there was the unflattering withdrawal of their guarantee by Australasia as soon as they heard the names of our team. That led the L.T.A. to look in another direction. It was remembered that America would naturally be only too glad to play the preliminary tie at home, and hope once more sprang up that all might yet be well. The United States Association, however, took a long time to consider the cable suggesting the new arrangement, and eventually it was knocked on the head last week by the official announcement that America would not play at all. They would not send a team to Australia, because neither W. A. Larned, the champion, nor T. C. Bundy, this year's challenger, who suddenly sprang to fame out of nowhere in particular, was able to go. *Ergo*, they would not play in the preliminary tie either. Now that America is "off," the value of our own representatives will probably go up with a run,

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PHEASANTS AND FOXES

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SOLUTION OF AN OLD PROBLEM

BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

IT is more than probable that most readers of THE BYSTANDER are familiar with the ancient and ridiculous argument as to whether pheasants and foxes can possibly flourish in the same neighbourhood. In my own opinion, there is no question at all involved in the matter. It has been in the past, and is daily being proved, that they undoubtedly do flourish together. It must not be supposed that I am contending that the "lion lies down with the lamb," or any such nonsense—far from it. The fox, as we know, is one of the most destructive of all animals. He kills for the pure sake of killing, as well, of course, as for his food. His method is, if he succeeds in entering a hen-roost or turning over a pheasant-coop, to bite as many necks as he can, merely taking away a single fowl, duck, or chick to devour at his leisure.

Now, gentlemen! you who form syndicates to shoot over our country gentlemen's grand old sporting and fox-preserved estates, let me address just a timely word regarding your *bête noir*, "Mr. Reynard." This wily old poacher is, no doubt, a very troublesome fellow in many respects, and to many people besides yourselves, and "wants a deal o' watchin'." You have got to be even with this sly customer, or he will thin your preserves before you have time to appear at your covert-side resplendent in odorous Harris tweed, immaculate spats, and befeathered Tyrolese hat. You, my dear sirs, I know, have paid a good stiff figure for the privilege of shooting over "my lord's" land, and you have gone to a lot of expense in rearing a good head of pheasants.

You are looking forward with delight to the pleasure of entertaining your friends through the coming autumn and winter, and showing them hospitality, and, doubtless, likewise, your prowess with your hammerless gun. In all this you have my entire sympathy. I grant that it is very annoying when you, my worthy non-hunting syndicates, get reports that master fox has taken a large number of your pheasants or partridges in a single night. The fox, unfortunately, has not yet been educated up to the fact that what's yours *is* yours, and not his—that's the trouble.

My sporting friends of syndicates, we all know that there are difficulties where foxes are, but they are not insurmountable ones. If young pheasants, when in coops in a field, are left inadequately protected by incompetent keepers or through not engaging sufficient men to do the work of watching night and day, then your stocks must and will undoubtedly suffer. If, on the other hand, you have thoroughly reliable men and dogs, and enough of them, you won't hear much of your birds being taken. Dogs chained up near the coops to give immediate alarm, the coops pegged down securely to prevent a fox turning them over with his nose—his invariable practice, so as to get at the chicks—and an alert keeper in his movable hut on the field, will keep your stock quite safe. Now, if syndicates would try and remember that a little give-and-take through all mundane things is a healthy principle, and that a good understanding between the local Master of Hounds is a *sine quâ non*, much might be avoided that now causes bitterness of heart.

Let me, therefore, urge these few simple suggestions, for I do not think you will regret acting on them. Insist on your keepers doing nothing to foxes — *i.e.*, shooting, trapping, or poisoning them—for there is such a thing as hunting, and hunting is just as important as shooting. See that your keepers take proper precautions to protect your young birds, for if birds be killed, it is generally caused by bad keepering, or insufficiency of watchers. Do not forbid a Master to bring his hounds early to your coverts, no matter whether you have shot through them or not for the first time. Foxhounds will do your birds no harm. On the contrary, I always think hounds through coverts wake birds up and cause them to fly better, for they seldom fly at all before they are put over the guns by the beaters. I do not say allow hounds to come a day or so before you shoot, as this would not give them time to settle down again. If foxes are too numerous, see the Master, and ask him to come and kill a few cubs as soon as possible. If the hounds are not allowed near coverts they merely become a sanctuary for foxes. Common sense will tell one that by the exercise of a little care and tact, pheasants and foxes can easily be made to flourish in the same neighbourhood, for neither hunts nor yet syndicates must act like dogs in mangers.

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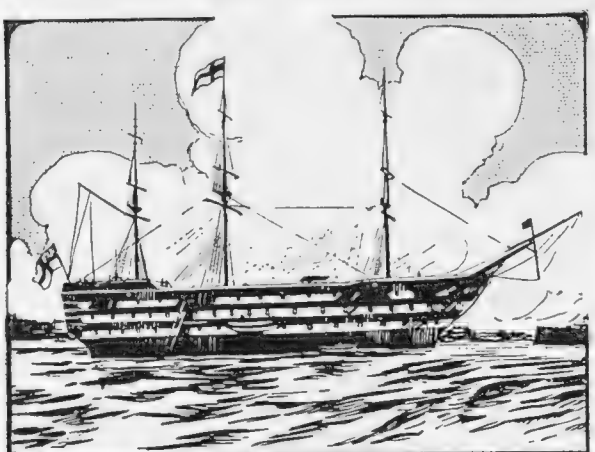

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RACING: Doncaster Reflections. By CARBINE

Swynford's St. Leger

Last week's racing page of this journal was an inspiration that was much talked of at Doncaster after Swynford had triumphantly vindicated our effort. THE BYSTANDER went unswervingly for the St. Leger winner from the time of his success at Liverpool, and there were some fine odds to be picked up about the horse at that early hour. It proved to be no walk-over, however. Bronzino made a superb fight with Lord Derby's colt, and people say that Lemberg was unlucky not to have beaten the pair of them. Personally, I don't go so far as that. I agree that Maher rode an ill-judged race, but there is absolutely nothing to show that Lemberg is good enough to have beaten the winner even if Wootton had been foolish enough to allow the favourite to squeeze through on the rails. Wootton has been rather unfairly criticised. In fact, he is accused, in at least one place, of having foully shut in Lemberg. So far as I saw the race there is nothing whatever to justify that statement. There was never really room for Lemberg to get through, and Maher ought to have finished on the outside instead of attempting the impossible.

The Crack Colts

If the first three horses in the St. Leger were to meet again over various distances of ground, I should back Bronzino to win at two miles, Swynford at a mile and a half, and Lemberg at a mile. The first-named colt is a natural stayer of tip-top quality, and I can foresee an extraordinarily interesting Ascot Gold Cup next year if all goes well with Bronzino and Swynford. I regard the latter as one of the best St. Leger winners of modern times, not because of his victory last week, but because I feel sure that even now he is not at his best. There is still any amount of room for improvement in this great slashing colt. Next Ascot time ought to see Swynford at the very zenith of his powers. The St. Leger form received a compliment when Bronzino beat such good horses as Bachelor's Double, Royal Realm, and others like so many hacks in the Doncaster Cup. This was a splendid performance, and who can wonder that it is now practically impossible to back Mr. de Rothschild's colt for the Cesarewitch. Indeed, he looks very much like spoiling interest in that event, though much may happen during the next month to change the aspect.

Photograph *Sport and General*

Will He Win the Cesarewitch?

Mr. J. de Rothschild's Bronzino winning the Doncaster Cup last week. He was second in the St. Leger, and is now a hot favourite for the Cesarewitch

The Owner of Bronzino

Mr. J. de Rothschild stood to win a very big stake over Bronzino, and if that colt had scored the Neil Gow people would have shared in the triumph, for Mr. "Jimmy" and Lord Rosebery's sons and kinsmen are boon companions. The owner of Bronzino is one of the most interesting figures on the modern Turf. He loves to back long-priced outsiders, and the men of the ring will tell you that he wins over a good many of them. Soon after his appearance on the English Turf his dashing betting became the talk of the racecourse. One well-meaning individual told Mr. Leopold de Rothschild that his young nephew ought to be given a word of friendly advice as to his plunging proclivities. "Let him alone," replied Mr. "Leo," "it will not hurt his pocket, and anyway his head is on the right way!"

Future Events

Besides possessing a red-hot favourite for the Cesarewitch, the owner of Bronzino is in the happy position of having a good second string in Laughing Mirror, and so long as this pair remain in the great Newmarket race it will be unnecessary to look beyond them for the winner. Later, however, I shall attempt to indicate the best Cesarewitch outsider, and also select a likely Cambridgeshire winner, as some readers are already asking for a "double." Possibly the Prince Edward Handicap, the principal race of the present week, to be run at Manchester on Saturday, will tell us something useful in view of the Cambridgeshire. I expect **Wolfe Land** to win, and as a second string take the chosen one of the Whatcombe pair, **Mustapha** and **Buckwheat.** The more important Scottish meeting of the year takes place at Ayr this week. I fancy **Old China** for the Ayrshire Handicap, and **Raeberry** for the Gold Cup. At Hurst Park, on Friday, **Thaddeus** may take the Autumn Handicap, and, on the following day, **Last Call** the Durham Handicap.

"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

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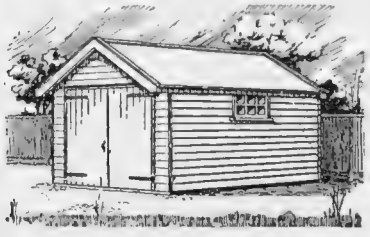

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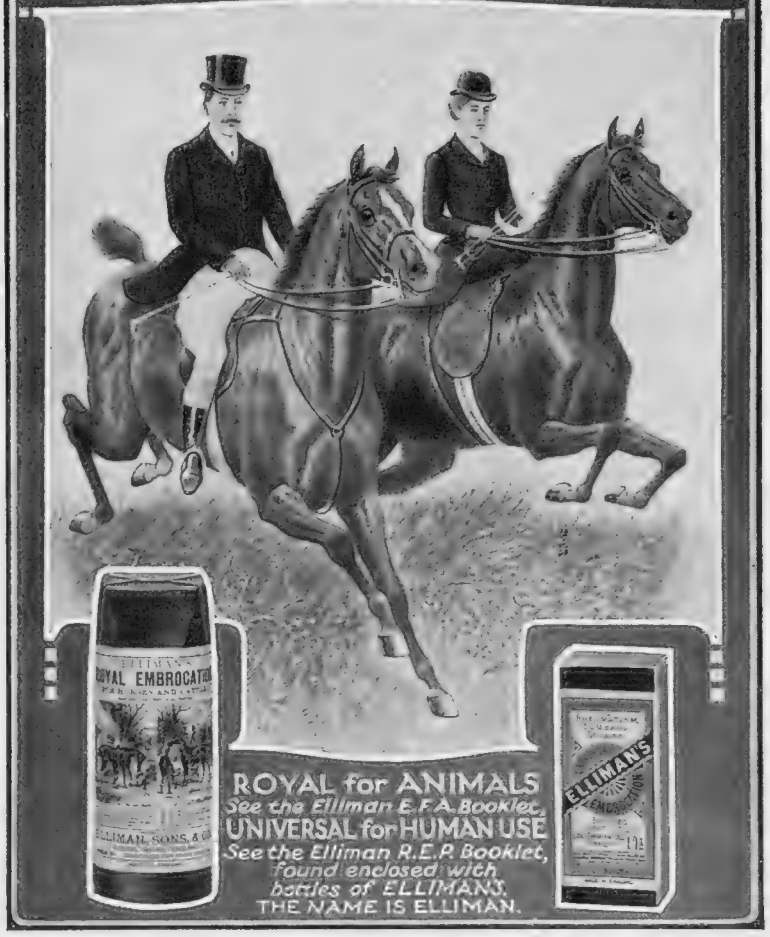

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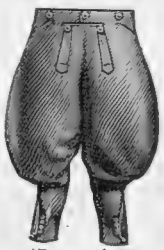

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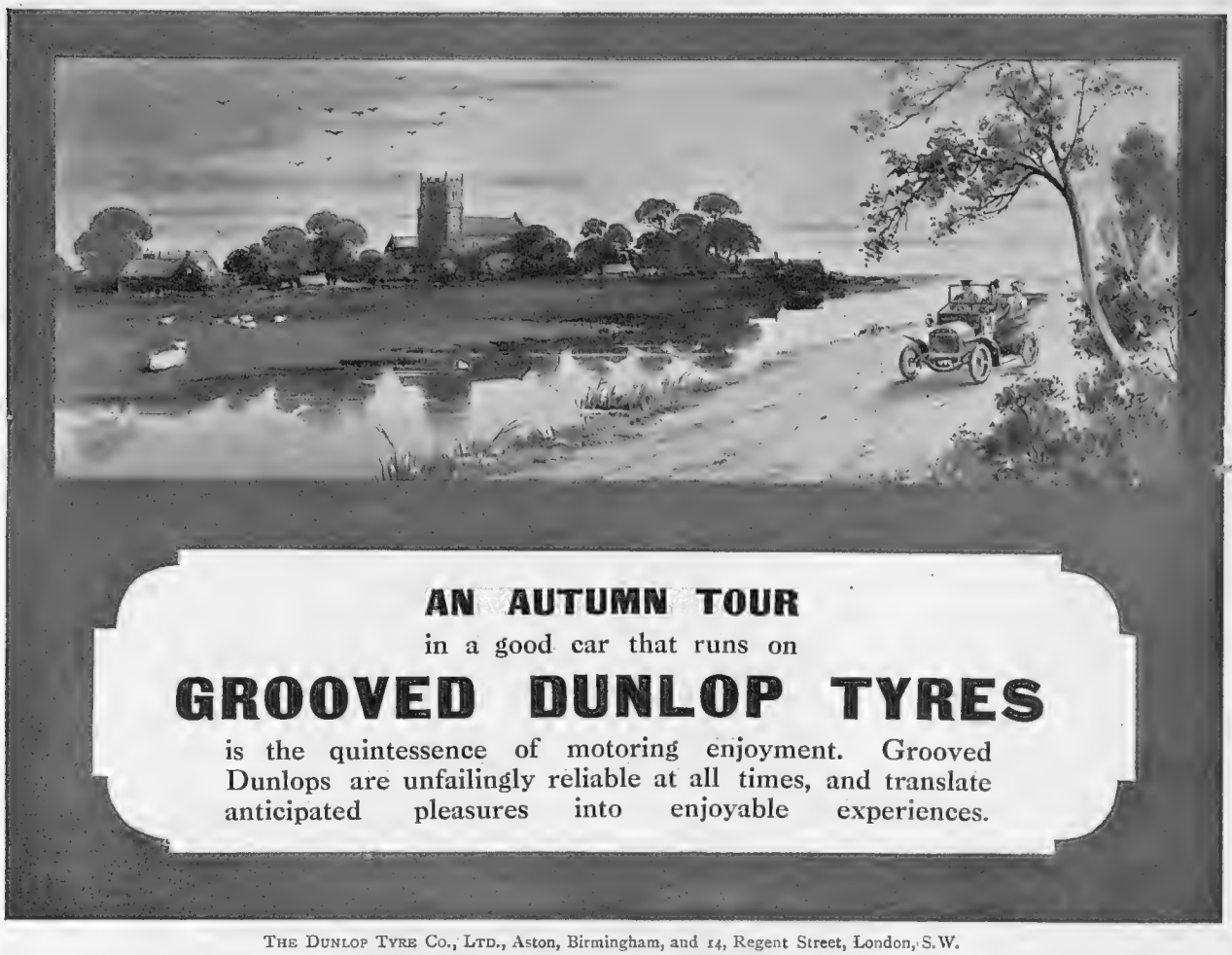

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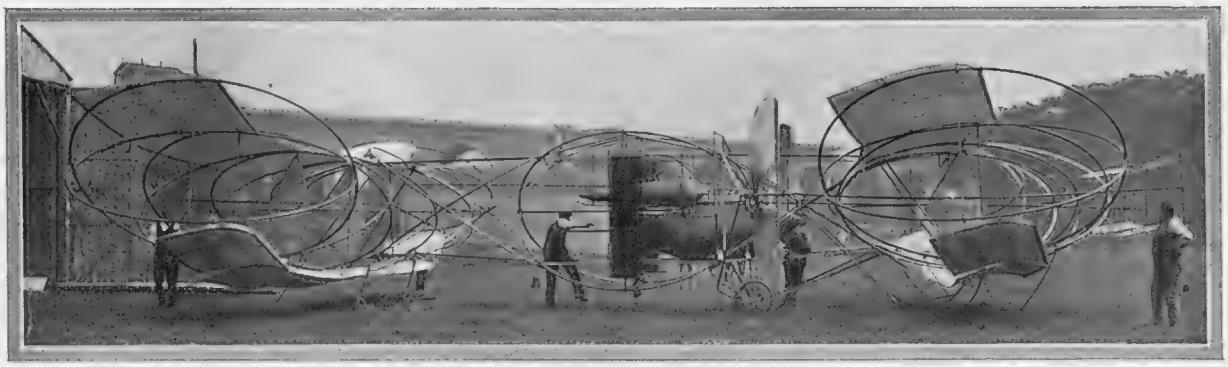

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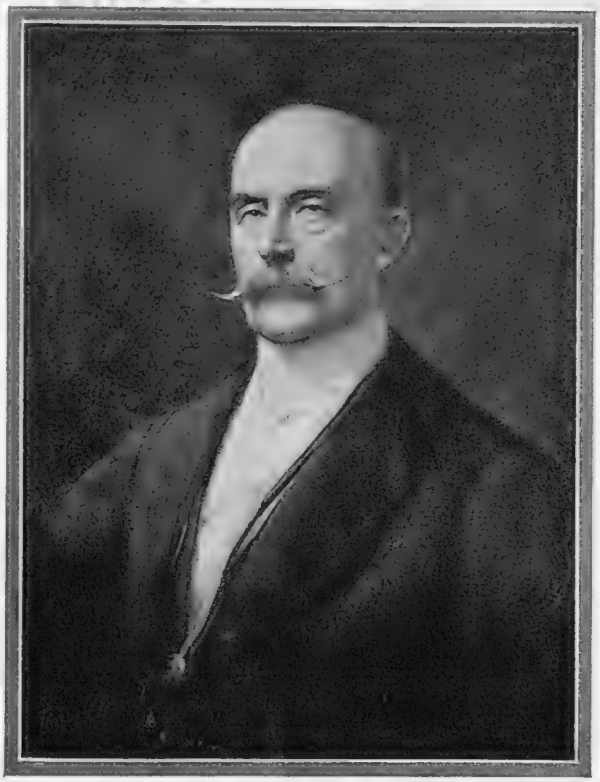
A Three-Inch Race

The proposal is for a race in the Isle of Man, restricted to engines of 3-inch bore but unlimited stroke. The proposal has already been considered by the Motor Trade Society, and has been incontinently turned down. So far as the trade is concerned, and particularly that section of the trade which built up its business upon the publicity secured from races and trials of one kind and another, there is nothing doing at all in competitions of this sort. No one may cavil at that, however much one may disagree. The man who pays the piper may properly, and without question, suspend his largess (or large £!) directly the tune becomes distasteful to him. But that does not explain the apparent apathy of the amateur. There seems to be more in this than meets the eye.



Harvey du Cros, Esq., M.P. (from a Painting by Tennyson Cole)

Mr. du Cros is famous as the commercial genius behind the Dunlop Tyre, of which company he is chairman. Just recently he has generously undertaken the expense of training, gratis, a number of Dublin jarveys as taxi-drivers

The Decay of Motoring as a Sport

I fear that the sporting side of motoring is in some considerable danger of dying the death. And if that should happen, there would be mourners in plenty. I certainly should be one. Because, from my point of view, motor-racing is one of the noblest, if newest, of all sports. Yet, if it were not that the Brooklands Racing Club faithfully tended the sacred fires, British automobilism as a land sport would be burning very low indeed. One time we had Gordon Bennetts in Ireland, 4-inch races in the Isle of Man, reliability trials (which were great sporting as well as utilitarian events)—these and many another. To-day—Ichabod! A little local effort now and again, but of national events, nothing. The horse has its Derby and Oaks and St. Leger and Grand National. The "flannelled fool and the muddied oaf" (nice man, Kipling!) have Gentlemen *v.* Players Kent *v.* Surrey, the Rugger and Soccer Championships and the like; the oarsman his Oxford and Cambridge and Henley meetings; the golfer the Jubilee Vase, etc., etc.—the list can be extended to cover almost any sport except the car. Only the car has the equivalent of nothing, Brooklands excepted.

The Apathetic Amateur

Why is this? The trade attitude is understandable, but what of the backbone of all sport, the amateur? Is it because he has the idea that whereas in other sports individual initiative and personal effort plays the dominant part, in automobile-racing everything turns upon a soul-less engine? I imagine at bottom that is it—the thought that having tuned the machine to its best pitch, and having let it out to the full extent of the throttle, there is nothing left apart from keeping the wheels square, the driver sitting impotent while a more powerful machine goes roaring by, knowing that unless a plug fouls, or the petrol pipe chokes, or compression is lost, or something else untoward happens to the faster machine, he is right out of it. Let us admit at once that there is nothing human in an engine, nothing that may be inspired at the psychological moment to concentrate every bit of heart and nerve and sinew into one surging, leaping effort. But if our amateur,

therefore, imagines that the course of the race is beyond the driver's influence altogether, he is quite hopelessly wrong. I invite him to watch Mr. "Pat" Stirling, for example (and a fine example of the sporting amateur in motoring), fighting his way through a field from his usual position on scratch. He will get an idea then of the extent to which the driver counts.

Why Not?

Now. To return to our muttons—a 3-inch race in the Isle of Man. I should personally prefer to see a week's festival of road-races of all sorts. It would make a better holiday atmosphere for the motoring spectators, and be less of a tax, perhaps, to the participants. However, I am for a 3-inch or any other sort of event that would stimulate interest in the sport. The ground is available, the local authorities eager. We need not examine motives. We need not even consider whether, as in the "4-Inch," the result would contribute anything to the development of the machine. If it helps the sport along and provide interest for watcher and racer alike, as I believe it would, it will serve. The only question is whether it is possible. It has to be an amateur meeting or nothing. There is a glorious course for the purpose. There is promise of great sport in the racing adequately organised. And there are several to my knowledge who would, I imagine, be glad enough to participate. Are there any more? Those I know are all of the Automobile Association; which seems to suggest an opportunity for the Automobile Association to demonstrate, by an appeal to its own membership, that the spirit of sport in motoring is not dead. And with that the matter may be left for the moment—to simmer.

A Motor-boat Trophy
Presented by Dr. Morton Smart, of the British Motor-boat Club, to the American Motor-boat Club. A delightful reproduction of an early Nuremburg Cup, executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

Miscellanea

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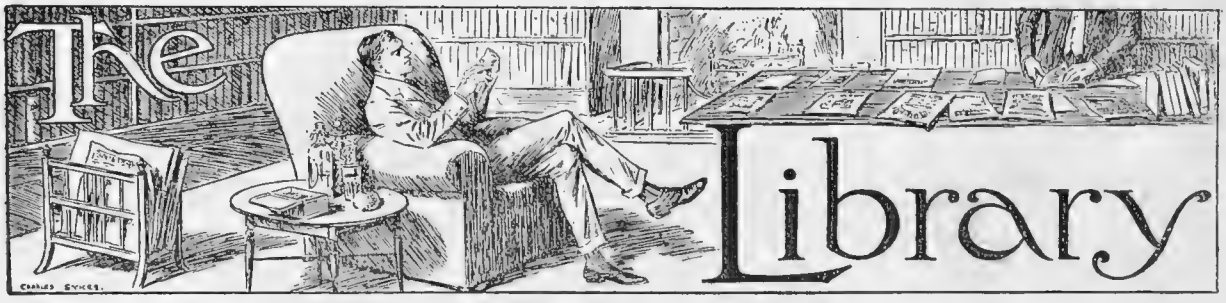

"Madame Royale: The Last Dauphine"

Here we have a book by Joseph Turquan, and edited and translated by Lady Theodora Davidson (T. Fisher Unwin: 15*s.*), covering the most interesting period of French history, dealing, as it does, with the close of the reign of Louis XVI., the Reign of Terror, and the subsequent struggles between Royalism and Republicanism, up to the firm establishment of the system of government in our neighbour-country on the abdication of Charles X. This life-history of the daughter of Marie Antoinette and her vacillating spouse, Louis XVI., is of absorbing interest not only as an addition to the known history of the times, but also as a character-study of a most remarkable woman. With the crude historical facts upon which this work throws additional light we are acquainted, but with the personality of Marie Thérèse Charlotte, Madame Royale of France, and the last of the Dauphines, we are not so familiar. Imagine a young Princess, nurtured with a high regard for her own importance and an overweening idea of her vast superiority to the rest of the world, torn from the arms of her parents, immured in a prison, there to learn that father and mother had stained the planks of "The Incorruptible" with their blood and that her brother had been strangled in a cell. The softness of her life, which at first was noteworthy, departs, and a hardness sets in. The process of time makes it advisable that she should be liberated, and she goes to Austria, and falls in love with an Archduke. Reasons of State, however, force her to marry the Duc d'Angoulême, whom she only saw six days before her nuptials.

A Loveless Marriage

A loveless and childless marriage follows, and Madame Royale is thoroughly disgusted with everybody. Still her loyalty bids her be true to the Bourbons, and at the collapse of the Bourbon dynasty she finds an asylum, first in England, then in Austria, and then death. Much in her character is good, but most has been spoilt by the circumstances of her life and by the hatred which lack of love had inspired. To her disappointment in marriage as well as to her early sorrows must be attributed much of her real cruelty, much of her external harshness. The translation by Lady Theodora Davidson is admirable. The student of the period will find an infinity of fresh information in this biography, while the ordinary reader cannot fail to be fascinated by the descriptions of the *vie intime* of the French Court, and by the charming way in which history is handled. Author and translator are to be congratulated on this excellent work, which is beautifully produced by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Quite a book to be added to every modern library, whether public or private.

A Good First Novel

A finer Indian novel than I. A. R. Wyllie's *The Rajah's People* (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*) it has never been my lot to read. And it is a first novel—further proof, if any were needed, of the good service Messrs. Mills and Boon are doing in giving new authors a chance of making a name. For a name Mr. Wyllie may certainly look to make. So vividly and with such sympathy withal does he treat his theme that the reader feels himself a part of the engrossing narrative. The story deals with the relations of the two great peoples—white and black. It tells of how the Rajah's hero-worship of the English is shattered by the deceit and crooked dealing of one or two of their number. It shows the enormous gap that exists between white and black, and how that peace can only be kept in India so long as the white live up to the black ideal of them and show themselves worthy of holding the reins of government. There is love, pathos, and excitement admirably blended, and interest is sustained throughout. It is to be hoped that the author, as a result of so conspicuous a success, will not rush his next book and so turn out an inferior novel, but will give himself the necessary time to write a second story of an equally high standard.

A Book on Argentina

A more comprehensive picture of the great Southern Republic of Argentina it would be impossible to imagine than that presented by Mr. W. H. Koebel in *Argentina, Past and Present* (Kegan Paul: 12*s.* 6*d.*). The story told in this handsome book is thrilling in the extreme, and a great subject is handled with a splendid sense of balance and proportion. It is little more than 400 years ago that the Argentine coast was discovered, and in the course of those years it has become the richest of South American States. Its ancient vicissitudes are detailed by Mr. Koebel with the real romantic glamour, and one learns of this only with the keen appreciation for the beauties of the Argentine and its cities to-day. Little is known in Europe of the modern Argentine native. It is gratifying to learn that he has many of the qualities that Englishmen most respect. He is by nature cool and reserved, courageous, and, above all, most devoted to outdoor sports. His physique, it follows, is excellent. Golf, rowing, lawn tennis, fencing, and especially football, are his favourite athletic pursuits. Both men and women in the higher ranks of Argentine Society are very cultured, and so artistic as even to run to Bohemianism. The women are beautiful and connoisseurs in beauty. They live gracious lives, are intensely domesticated, and worship their children. It is not too much to say that this book is worthy of them and their beautiful country.

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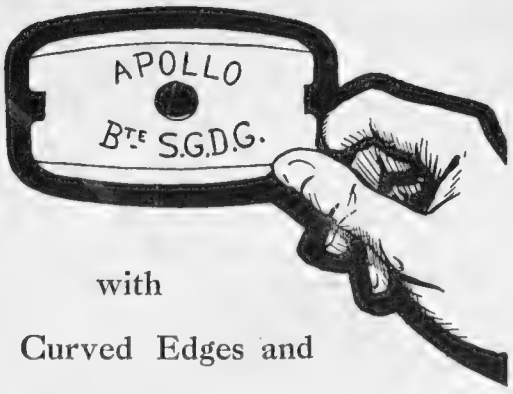

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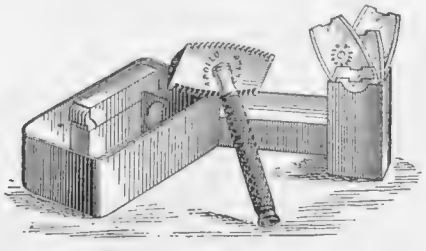

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4.—Accommodation land	19	1	32
5.—Ditto	25	3	37
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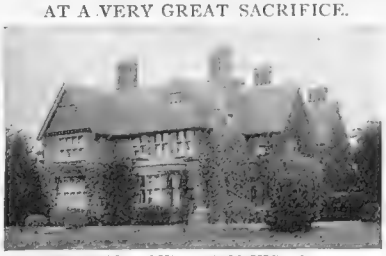

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15 bedrooms,
4 well-equipped bathrooms,
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THE value of an old master in painting is a fourfold value. Firstly, there is the æsthetic value—the beauty of the actual picture; secondly, there is the historic value, the reflection contained in a picture of a bygone age—of an individual if it be a portrait, of an epoch if it be a scene; thirdly, there is the antiquarian value, which concerns the collector chiefly; and lastly, there is the purely artistic value, the picture marking, as do the works of all the great masters, a stage in the development of the art of painting.

What applies to old masters in painting applies in scarcely less a degree to old masters in furniture, and is an irrefutable argument in favour of the antique, a crushing retort to those who through a want of understanding or appreciation of the principles involved, will tell you that furnishing with antiques is but a craze of the moment. History itself confutes them, for "the craze" has been very vigorous ever since the Italian Renaissance revived—and continued the development of—the architecture of old Rome and Greece, and was no less vigorous for centuries before.

Periods of decadence occur at intervals in all arts and crafts, and salvation can only lie in a reversion to old types, of an epoch before the degeneracy set in. Such a decadence took place in furniture at the dawn of the nineteenth century; the designs assumed an excessive ornateness, and were so over-burdened with colour and gilding that at length they nauseated by their sheer gaudiness. The revulsion came—following exaggeration

as it ever does—but the swing of the pendulum carried public taste to the other extreme, to the massive, ponderous, and inartistic solidities of the Victorian era. To escape from this, various attempts have been made by designers to found new schools and carry forward the development of furniture upon lines entirely new. In the main these have failed through the affectation that was apparent in them, and we are at length discovering that if we would furnish not only with comfort, but with taste and elegance, it becomes necessary to go back to the seventeenth and eighteenth century masters, upon whom we have not yet improved, because instead of developing the art of furniture along the lines which they were following, we cut ourselves adrift from them some generations since.

Of this reversion movement the credit is very largely due to Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher, who were, indeed, its pioneers, and who remain to this day well in the van, both as dealers in the actual antique—of which they have a magnificent and fairly exhaustive collection—and as unrivalled copyists and adapters of the designs of the old masters. There are certainly no greater authorities than they upon seventeenth and eighteenth century cabinet-making, and to those who are furnishing in the old styles I can recommend no better guide than that old-established firm, a visit to whose showrooms (217, 218, Tottenham Court Road) is more educational and instructive than a visit to many a museum of antiquities. Of value as their services must be to all, they are of particular value to those whose ideas of their requirements may happen to be vague and inchoate; for in these showrooms they will see specimens not only individually, but collectively as well—that is to say, in such groupings as they may occupy in their ultimate homes, groupings that should prove in the highest degree suggestive and instructive to intending purchasers.

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Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street

Having recently secured a further extension of their premises nearer Oxford Circus, Messrs. D. H. Evans are very thoughtfully arranging that both boys' and girls' clothing shall be concentrated in the new section of their establishment. This will considerably facilitate matters; in fact, it might almost be termed the coping-stone of the whole simplified business. It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that each department is controlled by separate and expert heads, who have brought the wealth of a trained experience to bear on the production of ready-made garments that compare not merely relatively but actually with the old-time bespoke garments at double the price. Both in character and value the offerings at Oxford Street stand unrivalled and challenge the closest criticism.

A perfectly admirable choice of coat and skirt costumes is provided for girls, ranging from six years upwards to that debatable age when the hair is turned up. It was no easy task, out of an embarrassment of riches, to select an example for pictorial illustration. But decision finally fell on a smart, albeit rather severe, faced cloth, the skirt arranged on practical gored lines, and the shapely reefer coat with double-breast front and a seam at the back with slits. Ready to be stepped into in either navy or prune, this *chic* little tailor-made commences at *33s. 9d.* for a girl of some six years, rising *2s.* for each successive size. With it is worn one of Messrs. D. H. Evans's *velours* beaver turban hats, a significantly interesting feature that will be treated of at greater length elsewhere.

Two Suggestions for Girls' Costumes
These are dealt with in full by Mrs. Jack May on this page
(Sketched at Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, by Dorothy Millar)

Serges and Tweeds

Meanwhile, I would add that there are other costumes equally desirable in their way, fashioned variously of blanket tweeds, plain serges, and ordinary tweeds, with a very plethora of *paletots*. There are all sizes of coats suitable to all ages. But there is observable throughout a commendable trend towards simplicity of form. Messrs. D. H. Evans are realising the active demand for plain, well-cut, and well-finished children's clothes, a demand hitherto very sparsely supplied, a mistaken mercantile conviction having substituted productions of inferior cut bedizened with decorations.

There are crowds, too, of practical, yet picturesque, school frocks of cashmere and fine serge, bettermost velveteen, and dancing dresses, the latter immediately directing attention through the medium of frilly petticoats to the lingerie, a quite equally important item in its way.

Seductive Blouses

Exceptional attention, again, has been accorded blouses, and with the most gratifying results. Messrs. D. H. Evans may take credit to themselves for presenting to their clients quite the most seductive and rational range of models ever shown. Could anything be prettier than the striped delaine example pictured? This can be had in pale blue, navy, and mauve, the collars and cuffs of rather heavy linen, embroidered with silk in tone with the stripe, and completed by a knotted silk tie, for *7s. 11d.*

And the boys' department is equally prolific. The "Rufford" overcoat represents a notable offering. Built in various striped tweeds, this coat is modelled with Talma sleeves and buttons, in Chesterfield fashion, right up to the throat, where a finish is provided in a turn-over collar. It is, furthermore, lined for winter wear, is suitable to boys from three and a half to ten years, and ranges in price from *29s. 6d.* Capital little covert coats commence as low as *17s. 9d.*

In conclusion, I may mention that Messrs. D. H. Evans are issuing two fully illustrated catalogues relating to their children's clothing.

A Chapeau of Ideal Adaptability

Almost I am in the mood to suggest that the hat I am about to discuss will, in some large measure, retrieve the trying millinery situation. It is to be found at Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, and is there described as the *velours* beaver turban. As disclosed in the accompanying picture, there are two sizes, the one somewhat larger than the other, and, consequently, a trifle more amenable to picturesque manipulation. But, of a truth, you can do anything with these beautifully *souple* things, varying their aspect at will and inclination.

By adding a superfluity of feathers or aigrette they can be induced to present an appearance capable of

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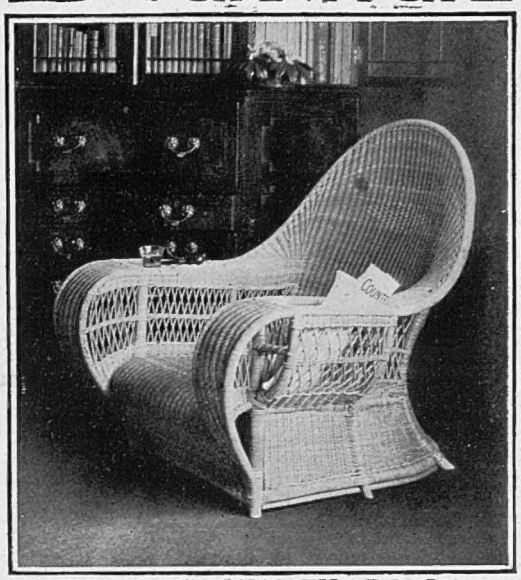

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Reversible Cretonnes, from **6¾d.** to **1/6¾** yd.

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Spring Seat, well upholstered, covered in Calico, with Loose Cover of Rose Panel Cretonne, complete

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IDEAL AUTUMN CURTAIN MATERIALS.

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Claribel Satin, 2/11 per yard, 50 ins. wide. Soft, Lustrous Finish, in 12 exquisite colourings.

Victorian Velvet, 3/6 per yard, 50ins. wide. Excellent quality.

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crowning the most *habillée* toilette, whereas, left unadorned, save perchance for a narrow ribbon or velvet band, they immediately supply a winter substitute for the summer panama. There are in all some fifty colours, including such adorable *nuances* as hyacinth-blue, reseda, ochre, a warm clay-brown, pigeon-breast-grey, and mauves and purples galore; while in the matter of cost Messrs. D. H. Evans have backed their opinion as to the success of these *velours* beavers by a colossal purchase, whereby they are able to sell at prices that savour considerably more of the wholesale than the retail world. Specifically these are 10*s.* 11*d.* and 15*s.* 11*d.* Moreover, the firm have made arrangements to dye to customers' special demands at short notice, an opportunity, this, the denizens of the exclusive world will only too gladly avail themselves of.

Two Examples of the Delightful Chapeau known as the "Velours" Beaver Turban

(Sketched at Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, by Dorothy Millar)

Pictorial Card Games

Messrs. De La Rue have published several most engrossing card games. The cards composing the games are printed in colour from new and original designs of a very taking character. Young and old will be vastly amused by such round games as "Golliwog," "Animal Grab," "Cheery Families," "Alice in Wonderland," "Snap," and "Noah's Ark." Each pack of cards, with rules, is neatly boxed, and the price is 1*s.* per pack. The International Card Company, 96-98, Leadenhall Street, E.C., are Messrs. De La Rue's sole agents for these games.

Queen's Own Rifles of Canada

Through the kindness of his directors, Mr. John Tussaud has been enabled to issue an invitation to Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt and party and the whole of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition during their four days' holiday in London from the 13th to 16th of this month. Mr. Tussaud will receive the guests upon their arrival at the great "Red House" in Marylebone Road. Each soldier will be presented with a souvenir, catalogue, and postcards, containing views of some of the striking features of the exhibition. Special invitation cards have been sent out, bearing in the centre the maple leaf, surrounded by Tussaud's familiar red circlet, surmounted by a crown.

The Menu: SOME SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE FISH DISHES

Baked Steaks of Cod with Tomato Purée
Fillets of Fish au Gratin (Sole, Lemon Sole, Whiting, or Haddock)
Fillets of Whiting with Cheese Sauce
Stuffed Potatoes
Croquettes of Fish
Danish Fish Mould

Baked Steaks of Cod with Tomato Purée

Cut three or four slices of cod an inch thick, divide them, take off the skin, and remove the bones. Sprinkle the slices with lemon-juice, pepper and salt, and place them in a well-buttered fireproof dish. Bake in a moderate oven from twenty-five to thirty minutes, turning the fillets once during that time, and moisten them with a little stock. Stew four large tomatoes; when cooked rub them through a sieve, and mix with them the juice of half a lemon, a dust of pepper and salt, add the liquid that is in the dish in which the fish has been cooked. Stir well, make thoroughly hot, and pour over the fish. Filleted sole or plaice may be used instead of cod.

Fillets of Fish au Gratin

Butter a fireproof dish, sprinkle it with breadcrumbs, some finely minced onion (about a tablespoonful), lay in the fillets, season with pepper and salt, sprinkle with more breadcrumbs, lay some small pieces of butter or good dripping on the breadcrumbs, and just before putting the dish into the oven, pour in about half a pint of stock or gravy. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

Fillets of Whiting with Cheese Sauce

Place the fillets of fish on a buttered fireproof dish, and pour in half a pint of stock (or a little milk will do), and cook until tender. Drain off the liquid, and keep the fish hot. Thicken the sauce with 1oz. of flour and ½oz. of butter in the usual way, and pour it over the fish, shake over it some grated cheese, leave it in the oven for a few minutes to brown, and serve.

Stuffed Potatoes

Take as many as may be required of baked or boiled potatoes, all of a size, cut them in half lengthwise, scoop out most of the inside, mix this with any remains of cooked fish, a small amount of chopped parsley, and a pinch of pepper and salt. Moisten with some sauce, fill the potato skins with the mixture, place in the oven to get thoroughly hot (about eight minutes), and serve garnished with parsley.

Croquettes of Fish

Mince finely the cooked remnants of any boiled fish, adding a little butter, half the quantity of mashed potatoes, a tiny piece of onion, some chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all with one beaten egg, and dredge in a very little flour, form the mixture into balls, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry till a golden colour. Drain, pile on a dish-paper, and garnish with fried parsley.

Danish Fish Mould (Hot or Cold)

Mince the remains of any fish you have and then pound it well, mixing in rather more than a tablespoonful of butter. Beat up one egg, and mix it with the fish, adding two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of parsley, pepper and salt. Butter a mould or basin, and place the mixture in it, tie a buttered paper over the top, and steam for one hour. If required cold, turn out and serve garnished with salad and slices of cucumber; if hot, serve with anchovy sauce poured round. Emilia.

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Have sunshine in the Nursery because sunlight kills the germs of disease as well as purifies and warms the room. Hall's Distemper decoration invites the sunlight—unlike wall-paper or paint it never fades or discolours.

Greyish green is an ideal shade for Nursery walls, and good for the children's eyesight; the lower three feet of the walls should have a darker shade of the same colour, to soften the light on the level of the eyes.

Secure the ideal Nursery walls by decorating with Hall's Distemper. Varnishing the lower part (as directed) gives additional resistance to wear, and darkens the shade to the desired extent.

Hall's Distemper is quickly applied, cheap to renew, and entirely free from the objectionable smell of paint.

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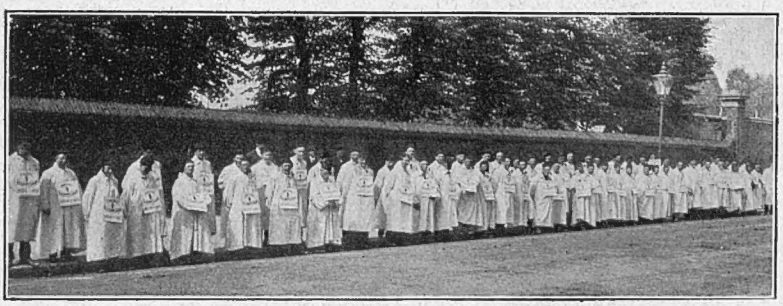
The Editor's Box



One Hundred Sandwichmen Parade with Allsopp Placards

Never before, perhaps, have so many sandwichmen been employed by one firm. Messrs. Allsopp, the famous brewers, took care that the men, many of whom are seen in our photograph, should wear appropriate costumes—viz., smocks and brewers' caps

Delightful Bournemouth

Delightful as Bournemouth is in the summer, it is in the autumn and winter that it is most freely patronised. The mildness of the climate attracts many patriotic Britishers who might spend the colder seasons in the South of France. There is no more beautiful seaside resort in England, and its magnificent hotels are deservedly renowned. The town has the enormous benefit of being served by that most enterprising of railway companies, the London and South-Western, and the train service is as admirable as the Company could possibly make it. Anyone contemplating an autumn holiday by the sea is strongly recommended to visit Bournemouth. The visit would, most certainly, be annually repeated.

Theatrical Items

The Arcadians continues its successful career at the Shaftesbury, and Miss Cicely Courtneidge has returned to the cast. She is making a big hit as Eileen Cavanagh, the part that Miss Phyllis Dare created.

Sister Anne, a new play by Madame Albanesi, was produced at the Coronet Theatre last Wednesday evening. The strong cast includes Miss Marion Terry, Miss Rosina Filippi, Miss Viva Birkett, and Messrs. C. Aubrey Smith and Norman Trevor.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company are at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, this week. The programme is as follows: Monday, *Faust;* Tuesday, *Mariana;* Wednesday, matinée *Tannhäuser*, evening *Bohemian Girl;* Thursday, *Carmen;* Friday, *Queen of Sheba;* and Saturday, *Il Trovatore.*

London Pavilion

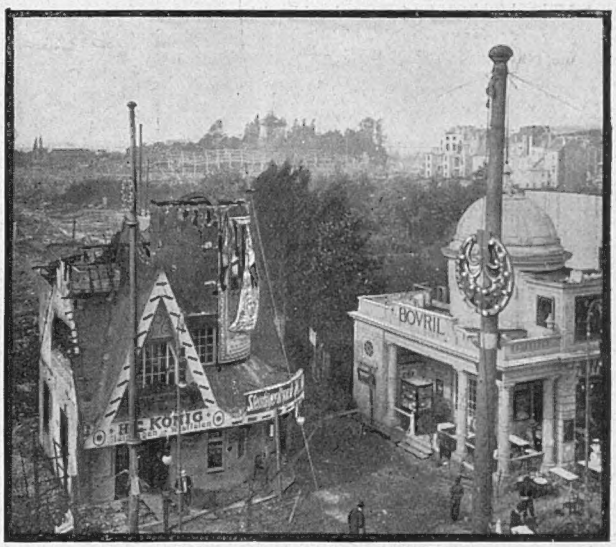
Mirth and beauty reign supreme in Mr. Frank Glenister's programme at the London Pavilion this week, when several important changes take place in the company. The most important change is the welcome return of the inimitable Little Tich in his latest successes, including "The Bargee," "The Territorial," and "The Gas Inspector." During his stay at the Pavilion he intends to produce several new numbers, including burlesques of a steeplejack and a liftman. Another interesting feature is Joe Peterman's musical fantasy, "The Belle of the Orient." The cast includes Joe Peterman, in his original part, and quite a bevy of beauty; in fact, twenty-five of London's prettiest girls. Other items in the programme include T. E. Dunville, Jose Collins, Gladys Huxley, etc.

Medals Rescued

The valuable silver and bronze medals which were included in the chemical and pharmaceutical section of the exhibit of Messrs. Wright, Layman and Umney, Ltd., proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, and belonging to Messrs. John and Ernest Umney, managing directors, have been, fortunately, found in the ruins of the Brussels Exhibition. It was at first reported that, notwithstanding most careful search, no trace of them could be found.

Grand Prize for Spratt's

The adjudicators at the Japan-British Exhibition have, as usual, awarded to Spratt's Patent, Ltd., the Grand Prize for superior excellence of their Dog, Poultry, and Cage Bird Foods, which is doubtless gratifying to that Company owing to the fact that their products were in competition with others.



A Curious Picture of the Brussels Fire

Every day thousands upon thousands of people wend their way to the mass of ruins which only a week or two ago was the magnificent Brussels Exhibition. An excellent view of the surrounding devastation can be obtained from the Bovril Pavilion, which escaped destruction. Perhaps it was a vagary of the wind which saved the Bovril Pavilion, perhaps the efforts of the firemen were concentrated upon this point. But in any case it is curious to note how the trees surrounding the Pavilion were saved when so many priceless treasures perished

"The Premier Foods of their Class."
See Medical Times, June 26, 1909.

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—*British Medical Journal*, Feb. 19, 1910.

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